

# SHAKESPEARIANA.

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No. 1.

## THE TWELVTH NIGHT'S REVELLS.

[As Presented at Whitehall, Twelfth Night, 1605.]

PLINIE SOLINUS PROLOMÆE, and of late, Leo Africanus, remember unto us a river, in Aethiopia, famous by the name of Niger, of w<sup>ch</sup> the people were called Nigritæ, nowe Negros, and are the blackest nation of the world. This river taketh his springe owt of a certaine lake, eastward, and after a longe race, falleth into the Westernne Ocean.

Hence the invention is deriv'd, and presented thus. In the end of the designd place, there is drawne uppon a downe right cloth, straynd for the scene, a devise of landtscope, w<sup>ch</sup> openinge in manner of a curtine, an artificiall sea is seene to shoote foorth it self abroad the roome, as if it flowed to y<sup>e</sup> land. In front of this sea are placed six Tritons, with instrumentes made of antique shells for musique, and behind them two Sea-maides. Betweene y<sup>e</sup> Maydes a payre of Seahorses, figured to the life, put foorth them selves in varied dispositions; uppon whose backes are advanced Oceanus and Niger, arme in arme enfolded.

Oceanus naked, the cullors of his flesh blew, and shadowed w<sup>th</sup> a roab of seagreene. His bodie of a humane forme. His head and beard gray. Hee is gyrlanded w<sup>th</sup> sea-grasse; and his hand sustaynes a Trident.

Niger in forme and coullor of an Aethiope blacke: his hayre and rare beard curled; shadow'd w<sup>th</sup> a blew and bright mantle; his necke and wrists adorned w<sup>th</sup> pearle, crowned w<sup>th</sup> an artificiall wreath of cane and paper rush.

These induce the Masquers, w<sup>ch</sup> are twelve Nymphs, Negros, and y<sup>e</sup> daughters of Niger, attended by as manie of the Oceanie, who are their light-bearers.

The Masquers are placed in an entire concave shell of mother of pearle, curiously made to move on those waters, and guarded (for more ornament) w<sup>th</sup> Dolphins and Sea-monsters of different shapes: on w<sup>ch</sup> in payres their light-bearers are, w<sup>th</sup> their lights burninge out of Murex shelles, advanced.

The attire of ye Masquers is alyke in all, w<sup>h</sup>out difference. Their cullours azure and silver; their hayre thicke, and curled upright in tresses, lyke Pyramids, but retoorninge in the top, with a dressinge of feathers and jewells. And for the eare, necke, and wrist, the ornament of y<sup>e</sup> brightest pearle, best settinge of from the blacke.

For the light-bearers, sea-greene, their faces and armes blew. Their hayres loose and flowinge, gyrlanded w<sup>th</sup> Alga, or sea-grasse, and y<sup>t</sup> stucke about w<sup>th</sup> branches of corall, and water lillyes.

These thus presented, one of the Tritons, w<sup>th</sup> the two Sea-maydes, beginne to singe to the other lowd musique. Their voyces being a tenor, and two trebles.

THE SONG.

Sound, sound aloud  
The welcum of the orient Floud  
Into the west:  
Fayre Niger, sonne to great Oceanus,  
Now honored thus,  
W<sup>th</sup> all his beauteous race:  
Who though but black in face,  
Yet are they bright,  
And full of life and light;  
To prove that beauty best,  
W<sup>ch</sup> not y<sup>e</sup> coullor but y<sup>e</sup> feature  
Assures unto y<sup>e</sup> Creature.

W<sup>ch</sup> ended, and the musique ceassinge, Oceanus provokes Niger as followeth.

*Oceanus.*

Bee silent now the ceremony's done:  
And Niger, say, howe comes it, lovely sonne,  
That thou, the Aethiop's river, so far east  
Art seene to fall in y<sup>e</sup> extreamest west  
Of mee, the King of floud's Oceanus,  
And in myne empires hart salute mee thus?  
What is the end of thy Herculean labors,  
Extended to those calme and blessed shores?

*Niger.*

To doe a kynd and carefull father's parte,  
In satisfying every pensive harte  
Of these my daughters, my most loved birth;  
Who, though they were first-form'd dames of Earth,

And in whose sparcklinge and refulgent eyes  
 The glorious sonne did still delight to rise ;  
 Though hee (the best Judg, and most formal cause  
 Of all dames' bewties) in their firme hews drawes  
 Signes of his ferventst love, and therby shewes  
 That in their blacke the perfect'st beauty growes ;  
 Since the fixt cullour of their curled hayre  
 (W<sup>ch</sup> is the heighest grace of dames most fayre)  
 No cares, no age, can chandge, or there display  
 The fearfull tincture of abhorred gray.  
 Since Death him self (him self beinge pale and blew)  
 Can never alter their most faithfull hew ;  
 All w<sup>ch</sup> are arguments to prove howe farre  
 Their beauties conquer in great Beauties warre :  
 And now how neare Divinitie they bee  
 That stand from passion, or decay so free :  
 Yet since the fabulous voyces of some few  
 (Poore braynsicke men, stild poets, here w<sup>th</sup> you)  
 Have with such envy of their graces sunge  
 The paynted beauties, other empires sprung,  
 Lettinge their loose and winged fictions fly,  
 To infect all climattes, yea, our puritie,  
 As of one Phaethon that fir'd the world,  
 And that before his heedlesse flames were hurl'd  
 About the Globe, the Aethiops were as fayre  
 As other dames, nowe blacke w<sup>th</sup> blacke dispayre,  
 And in respect of their complexion's chaungd  
 Are each where since for lucklesse creatures rang'd.  
 W<sup>ch</sup> when my daughters heard (as woemen are  
 Most jealous of their beauties) feare and care  
 Possest them whole, yea, and beleevinge them,  
 They wept such ceaslesse teares into my streame,  
 That it hath thus farre overflow'd his shore,  
 To seeke them pacience whoe have since ermore,  
 As the Sonne riseth, chargd his burninge throne  
 W<sup>th</sup> vollyes of revilinges ; cause hee shone  
 On their scorcht chekes w<sup>th</sup> such intemperat fiers,  
 And other dames made queenes of all desiers.  
 To frustrat w<sup>ch</sup> strange errour oft I sought,  
 (Though most in vayne against a settled thought,  
 As woemens are) till they confirm'd att length,  
 By miracle, what I with soe much strength  
 Of argument resisted ; (else they faynd)  
 For in the lake where their first springe they gaine'd,

## THE TWELVTH NIGHT'S REVELLS.

(As they satt coolinge their soft lymb's by night,  
 Appeard a face all circumfused w<sup>th</sup> light,  
 Wherein they might decipher through the streame,  
 (And sure they saw't, for Aethiops never dreame)  
 These wordes—

That they a land must forthwith seeke,  
 Whose termination of y<sup>e</sup> Greeke  
 Sounds Tania, where bright Sol, y<sup>e</sup> heatt  
 Their bloodes, doeth never rise nor sett,  
 But in his jorney passeth by,  
 And leaves that climatte of y<sup>e</sup> sky,  
 To comfort of a greater light,  
 That formes all beautyes w<sup>th</sup> his sight.

In search of this have wee three Princ-doomes past  
 That speake owt Tania in their accents last ;  
 Blacke Mauritania first, and secondly  
 Swarth Lusitania. Next we did descry  
 Rich Aquitania, and yet cannot find  
 The place unto those longing nymphes designd,  
 Instruct and ayd mee, great Oceanus :  
 What land is this that nowe appeares to us?

*Oceanus.*

This land, that lifts into the temperate ayre  
 Hir snowy cliffe, is Albion the fayre,  
 So calld of Neptune's sonne, y<sup>e</sup> ruleth here ;  
 For whose deare guard my self four thousand yeere  
 (Since old Deucalions dayes) have walkt the round  
 About his empire, proud to see him crownd  
 Above my waves.

At this the Moone is discovered in y<sup>e</sup> upper parte of the house,  
 triumphant in a chariot, hir garments white and silver, the dressinge  
 of her head antique, and crownd w<sup>th</sup> lights. To her Niger.

*Niger.*

O, see our silver starre,  
 Whose pure auspicious light greetes us thus farre.  
 Great Aethiopia, Goddess of our store,  
 Since w<sup>th</sup> particular woorshipp wee adore  
 Thy generall brightnesse, lett particular grace  
 Shine on my zealous daughters: show y<sup>e</sup> place  
 W<sup>ch</sup> longe their longinges urgd their eyes to see.  
 Bewtifie them that long have diedied thee.



*Aethiopia.*

Niger, be gladd: resume thy native cheere,  
 Thy daughters' labors have theyr period here,  
 And so thy errors. I was that bright face  
 Reflected by the lake, in w<sup>ch</sup> thy race  
 Read mistick lynes, w<sup>ch</sup> skyl Pithagoras,  
 First taught to men by a reverberat glasse.  
 This blessed Ille doth with that Tania end,  
 W<sup>ch</sup> their they sawe inscrib'd, and shall extend  
 Wish'd satisfaction to their best desiers.  
 Britania, w<sup>ch</sup> the triple world admyres,  
 This Ille hath nowe recovered for his name,  
 Where raigne the beauties y<sup>t</sup> w<sup>th</sup> so much fame  
 The sacred Muses' sonne have honored,  
 And from sweete Hesperus to Eous, spread.  
 W<sup>th</sup> that great name, Britania, this blest ille  
 Hath wonne his antient dignitie and stile,  
 A world divided from the world, and tryed  
 The abstract of it in his generall pride.  
 And were the World, with all his wealth, a ringe,  
 Britannia (whose fresh name makes thunder singe)  
 Might bee a diamond woorthy to enchace it,  
 Rul'd by a Sunne that to this height doeth grace it,  
 Whose beames shine day and night, and are of force  
 To blanch an Aethiop and revive a corse:  
 His light scientiall is, and past meere Nature,  
 Can salve the rude defects of every creature.

Call forth thy honor'd daughters, then,  
 And lett them, fore the Britaine men,  
 Indent the land with those pure traces,  
 They flow with in their native graces.  
 Invite them boldly to y<sup>e</sup> shore,  
 Their beauties shalbee scorts't no more.  
 This sonne is temperate, and refines  
 All things on w<sup>ch</sup> his radiance shines.

Here the Tritons sound, and they daunce on y<sup>e</sup> shore, every couple (as they advance) severally presentinge their fannes; in one of w<sup>ch</sup> are inscrib'd their mixed names, in the other a mute hieroglyphick, expressing their mixed qualities, w<sup>ch</sup> manner of symbole wee rather choose, then impresse, as well for strangenesse, as relishinge more of antiquitie, and nearer applyinge to y<sup>t</sup> originall doctrine of sculpture w<sup>ch</sup> the Aegiptians are sayd first to have derived from the Aethiopians.

When their owne daunce is ended, as they are about to choose

their men, on[e] from the sea is heard to call them w<sup>th</sup> this songe,  
sunge by a tenor voyce.

## SONGE.

Cum away, cum away;  
We grow jealous of your stay:  
If you doe not stopp yo<sup>r</sup> eare,  
Wee shall have more cause to feare  
Syrens of the land, then they  
To doubt the Syrens of y<sup>e</sup> sea.

Here they daunce w<sup>th</sup> there men, w<sup>ch</sup> beinge perfect, they are  
again provoked from the sea, w<sup>th</sup> a songe of two trebles, iterated in  
y<sup>e</sup> fall by a double Echo.

## SONGE.

Treb. 1. { Daughters of the subtill flood,  
          { Do not let earth longer entertaine you.  
Treb. 2. { 'Tis to them enough of good,  
          { That yo<sup>u</sup> geive this little hope to gaine you.  
Treb. 1. If they love,  
Treb. 2. You shall quickly see.  
Treb. 1. { For when to flight you move,  
          { They'll follow you y<sup>e</sup> more yo<sup>u</sup> flee.  
Tre. do. { If not, impute it each to other matter:  
          { They are but earth, and what you owed was water.

W<sup>th</sup> this, Aethiopia speakes againe.

*Aethiopia.*

Enough, bright nymphes, the night grows old,  
And we are griev'd wee cannot hold  
You longer light; but comfort take:  
Yo<sup>r</sup> father only to the Lake  
Shall make returne; yo<sup>r</sup> selves w<sup>th</sup> feastes  
Must here remayne, the Ocean's guests.  
Nor shall this vayle the Sunne hath cast  
Above yo<sup>r</sup> bloods more sommers last,  
For w<sup>ch</sup> you shall observe these rites  
Thirteene tymes thrice, on thirteene nights.  
Soo often as I fill my spheare  
W<sup>th</sup> glorious light throughout the yeare,  
You shall, when all things ells doo sleepe  
Save yo<sup>r</sup> chast thoughts, w<sup>th</sup> reverence steepe,  
Yo<sup>r</sup> bodyes in that purer brine,  
And holsome dew, called Ros-Marine,

Then with that soft and gentle fome,  
 Of w<sup>ch</sup> the Ocean yet yeeldes some,  
 Whereof bright Venus, Beauties Queene,  
 Is sayd to have begotten beene,  
 You shall yo<sup>r</sup> gentler lymbs ore-lave,  
 And for yo<sup>r</sup> paynes perfection have :  
 Soe that this night, the yeare gone round,  
 You doe againe salute this ground,  
 And in the beames of yond bright sunne  
 Yo<sup>r</sup> faces dry, and all is done.

With w<sup>ch</sup> in a daunce they returne to the sea agayne, where they  
 take their shell, and with a full songe goo owt.

## SONG.

Now Dian w<sup>th</sup> the burning face  
 Decline's apace :  
 By w<sup>ch</sup> our waters know  
 To ebb, that late did flow.  
 Backe seas, backe Nymphes ; but w<sup>th</sup> a forward grace  
 Keepe still yo<sup>r</sup> reverence to y<sup>e</sup> place,  
 And shout w<sup>th</sup> joy of favor you have wonne  
 In sight of Albion, Neptun's sonne.

---

Hos ego versiculos feci.

BEN. JONSON.

## THE MASQUE OF THE TWELVE MONTHS.

*To lowde Musique. The Scene being discoverd, the twelve Spheres descend,  
 and sing to twelve Instruments this first Song, calling Bewty from her  
 Forte, y<sup>e</sup> Hearte. After which, and an Alarme given by the Pulses, the  
 Hearte opens, and Bewty issues, attended by Aglaia, (one of the Graces)  
 the two Pulses beating before them up towards y<sup>e</sup> King. Being neare,  
 BEWTY speaks.*

*Bew.* Peace, amourous Pulses ! y<sup>e</sup> are too Martial for Peace.

*Agl.* If they be amourous, Madame, they must be Martiall : *Mil  
 itat omnis Amans.*

*Bew.* They beate yet too stronglie and passionately.

*Agl.* Before whom should th' enamoured Pulses beate passionate-  
 lie, if not before Bewty ?

*Bew.* Before Bewtyes Sovereigne: that enamours infinitely more, and insulte on nothing.

*Agl.* Before him they are. Why commaund you them to cease, then?

*Bew.* Because, notwithstanding all their most cause to beate before him, the maiestie and meritt enthron'd in him compelling all passionate reverence in his beholders, yet they are troublesome, and troublesome Love is lothsome. Besides, they are nowe to be employed aboute my forte, the Hearte.

*Agl.* What places supply they there?

*Bew.* The places of Sentinells; since the Pulses naturally discover y<sup>e</sup> whole state of the Heart, through all the dimensions of his dilatation and contraction.

*Agl.* What Hearte is it, Madame? A mans Heart, or a womans Hearte?

*Bew.* A womans, and so greate?

*Agl.* What Heart so greate as a womans? And this is so bigg, it burst.

*Bew.* Not burst, but oppened. And that opennesse, indeed, is proper to a womans hearte; but for that weaknes, unfitt to be made a Forte. This heart, therefore, is neither man's nor woman's, but the heart of the yeare; signifying that the whole yeares cheife virtues and bewties are now to be contracted in one night, as the whole worldes are in one year.

*Agl.* A contraction greate and princely.

*Bew.* To performe, w<sup>ch</sup> we are to induce, in their effectes the foure Elementes and the foure Complexions; of whose apt composition, all the Bewtie of the world is informed.

*Agl.* Of all w<sup>ch</sup> y<sup>r</sup> excellence is presented as abstract.

*Bew.* Being amplified w<sup>th</sup> other personages infinitely more bewtiful.

*Agl.* What persons are those that lye still enslumberd aboute yo<sup>r</sup> Forte?

*Bew.* They are the issue of the Elementes and Complexions, who sent mee these their sonnes, as their homages, acknowledging mee their Sovereigne, as being their best disposer and composer.

*Agl.* Maye I entreate their names?

*Bew.* The sonne of fire is Sparke; of ayre, Atome; of water, Droppe; and of earth, Ant.

*Agl.* Poore yonger brothers, it seemes, serving at this Forte onely as *enfants perdus*.

*Bew.* Pages, pages; onely persons of forme and ridiculous pleasure.

*Agl.* Of w<sup>ch</sup> you have nam'd yet but foure.

*Bew.* The other foure are y<sup>e</sup> issue of y<sup>e</sup> Complexions; of the sanguine, a little Cupid (Love being a cheife effect of blood); of choller,

a little Furie (anger, w<sup>ch</sup> choller causeth) being *breviſ furor* ; of flegme, a little Foole ; and of melancholie, a little Witch.

*Agl.* Of whate use are those banners and bandrolls stucke upon the forte ?

*Bew.* They are the Yeares ensignes, whose Hearte this is suppos'd, expressing in amorous mottoes, inscrib'd in them, the triumphant love and loyaltie included. To this our glorie of the yeare, and his most peaceful employer.

*Agl.* What are those plumes stucke in y<sup>e</sup> middst and toppe, as that heartes pride, and his affections scope ?

*Bew.* The ensignes of the darling of the yeare, delicious Aprill.

*Agl.* What's the motto there ?

*Bew.* *His virtus nititur Alis.* They are the winges of virtue, twixt w<sup>ch</sup> (spight of fate) shee ballances her selfe, and staies her state ; and thus much for our necessarie relation. Goe, Pulses ! Beate towarde our sleepeie Pages, and startle them w<sup>th</sup> an alarme from their sleepe into their Antemasque, using the most spritely action they maie, to expresse in gestures their particular natures.

*The Pulses beate towards the Forte, and give an Alarme ; at which the eight Pages starte up, and fall into their Antemasque. After which AGLAIA speaks.*

*Agl.* Here were gestures enowe, Madame, in steade of jestes.

*Bew.* I wishe jestes had supplied their gestures ; for their want, perhappes, may argue a dearth of witt amongst us.

*Agl.* A want that may well chance here, w<sup>th</sup>out a misse. Such witt is butt like a wilde weede in ranke soile ; w<sup>ch</sup> yett, being well manur'd, (I confesse) maie yeeld the wholesome croppe of wisdomed and discretion, at tyme o' th' yeare, and in y<sup>e</sup> meane tyme, beare the most ingenious flower of laughter.

*Bew.* Ingenious ! what is't, but a foolish tickling of the spleene, and, indeed, the very embleme of a foole ? A quality long since banisht y<sup>e</sup> Courte ; specially from all proficientes in policie, and ladies of employment.

*Agl.* However, Madame, meethinkes inward delight should be as pleasing as laughter. To w<sup>ch</sup> end, if variety of showe be inserted, bee our hopes confident, wee shall not much misse laughter.

*Bew.* If showe will serve, Aglaia, we will try  
To call y<sup>e</sup> whole pompe of the peacefull skye  
In all the thirteene moones that decke the yeare,  
And to the glorious Moneths the torches beare ;  
With incantations downe eithers sphere,  
The Queene of all invok't. O, Cynthia !  
If ever a deformed witch could drawe

The dreadfull brightnes from thie duskie throne,  
 Lett nowe y<sup>e</sup> Goddesse of Proportion  
 Much rather move it; to right him for all,  
 In whome all charms of Art and Nature call.

*Lowde musique, and the Moones appeare like Huntresses, w<sup>th</sup> torches in their hands, &c.*

*Agl.* O, see! yo<sup>r</sup> short charme was so sweete and strong,  
 It past all power t' oppose or to prolong.  
 In all these great confiners of y<sup>e</sup> skies,  
 Ladies of ladies, wing'd inconstancies,  
 Greate Presidentes of all Earth's changing fashions,  
 In all her bodies ornamentes and passions,  
 That (never getting garmentes fitt for them)  
 Make lordes and ladies ravisht w<sup>th</sup> their streame.

*Musique. And they dance the second Antemasque. After w<sup>ch</sup> BEWTY speaks.*

*Bew.* Theise fires, I hope, have made y<sup>e</sup> colde night warme  
 With stirring pleasures; and our royall charme  
 Call'd downe w<sup>th</sup> it as much delight as light.  
*Agl.* Soe maie it; and disclose the crowning sight  
 Of all y<sup>e</sup> Moneths, for w<sup>ch</sup> these moones were made,  
 As upper torchbearers, to guild their shade.

*After this, PROGNOSTICATION enters, caperinge.*

*Bew.* How nowe! what frolicke person have wee here?  
*Agl.* Prognostication, Madame, that nowe enters,  
 In prime of this newe yeare, in all his honors  
 Sought to for his predictions; and forerunnes  
 The Moneths, our Masquers, and newe rising sunnes.

*After this, he dances vpp, and delivers his prognostications; w<sup>ch</sup> done, lowde Musique, and the Masquers descend, BEWTY speaking.*

*Bew.* Admire, admire, the full pompe of the yeare,  
 Contracted, yett much amplified here.  
*Agl.* What glorious Moneths renowme that first araie!  
*Bew.* There princely Aprell sittes; and flourishing May;  
 Sweete Aprill, lov'd of all, yett will not love,  
 Though Love's great godhead for his fauor stroue,  
 Fetherd his thoughtes, and to his bosome flewe,  
 Like to a nightingale, that there did sewe,

- To save her life, sought by some bird of prey.  
 Hee smil'd at first, and gave her leave t'allay  
 Her fright in shadowe of his flowrie hand :  
 W<sup>ch</sup> pleas'd her so, that there she tooke her stand,  
 And sung for joie ; then tooke another showe,  
 And seem'd a lovely Nymphe w<sup>th</sup> shaftes and bowe,  
 And shott at birdes aboute him. He drewe nye,  
 And askt a sight of her faire Archerie ;  
 W<sup>ch</sup> when he handl'd, and did well behold  
 The bewtie of her shafte, fordg'd all of gold,  
 Hee askt them of her : shee excusde, and said  
 Shee had no other riches, yett obaide ;  
 And (with intention to make a kiss  
 Good as her arrowe) those delights of his  
 Offer'd to stake against one, and to plaie  
 A game att chesse for all. He took the laie,  
 Went in and wunne, and wrapt them in embraces ;  
 And now Love's shaftes are headed w<sup>th</sup> his graces.
- Agl.* Hee pluckt his winges, too, some reportes presume.  
*Bew.* Hee did, and beares them in a triple plume.  
*Agl.* Sweete Goddess, lett your musique sound, and sing  
 Him and his traine forth.  
*Bew.* Sett vp everie string,  
 And euerie voice make like a trumpett ring.

*Here the Second Song, calling the Masquers to their Dance. After w<sup>ch</sup>  
 they dance their Entrie : which done, AGLAIA speakes.*

- Agl.* These are no Moneths, but that celestial seede  
 Of men's good angells, that are said to breede  
 In blessed iles about this Britane shore ;  
 That heighten spirittes bred here, with much more  
 Then humane virtues.
- Bew.* Gravest authors saye  
 That there such angells dwell ; and these are they.
- Agl.* O ! how they move nowe, while they rest ; but moving,  
 Ravishe beholders, and cause more then loving :  
 Commaund Heaven's harmony in numerous ayer,  
 To sacrifice to their divine repaire,  
 And make them move in all their pompe again.
- Bew.* What shall we offer to his wisdom, then,  
 By whome these move and be ? for whose worth all  
 These wonders in those Iles angelicall,  
 Are sett in circle of his charm'd commaund,  
 Wall'd with the wallowing ocean ? And whose hand,

Charming all warre from his milde monarchie,  
Tunes all his deepes in dreadfull harmonie.

*Agl.* Not harmonie of tunes alone, but heartes,  
Set to his love, sung in a world of partes.

*Here the third Song, beginning thus : Proceede with your, &c. After w<sup>ch</sup> they dance their mayne dance ; w<sup>ch</sup> done, BEWTY invites them to dance with the Ladies.*

*Bew.* Nowe double all that hath bin pleasing,  
On Pleasure's cheife deservers seasing.  
No pleasure is exactlie sweete,  
Till ladies make their circles meete.

*After this, the fourth Song : See, See, &c. ; w<sup>ch</sup> done, they dance with the Ladies, and the whole Revells followe. At end whereof, BEWTY speakes.*

*Enter MADG HOWLET, hooting, going vp towards y<sup>e</sup> King. After whome follows PIGGWIGGEN, a Fairy, calling to her.*

*Pig.* You, myne hostesse of the Ivie bushe ! What make ye hooting in theis walkes ?

*How.* What ? Lady Piggwiggin, th' only snoutfaire of the fairies. A my word, hadst thou not spoken like a maid, I had snatcht thee vp for a mouse. O ! a good fatt mouse were an excellent rere banquet this midnight, specially a citty mouse ; yo' contry mouse is not worth y<sup>e</sup> fleying.

*Pig.* Why, knowst thou where thou art, Madge ?

*How.* In a good Yeoman's barne, I thinke ; for I am sure that from hence flowes all the barnes breade of the kingdome. But what wynde brings thee hether ?

*Pig.* I am comaunded by our fairy Queene, that rules in night, now to attend her charge that night and daie rules, being the great enchantresse, imperiouse Bewty, who in her charmed fort sittes close hereby, enthron'd, and raignes this night great President of all those princely revells that in y<sup>e</sup> honor of our fairy king are here to be presented, to whose state her highnes hath design'd theis silent houres,

Commaunding Musique from ech moving sphere,  
And silence from eche mover seated here.

*How.* Nay, then, Pigg, I must tell yo<sup>w</sup> yo<sup>w</sup> usurp my naturall of-fice ; Night's all taming silence is my charge to proclaime, being Night's cheife herauld ; and at this howre, when Heauen had clos'd his eye, I open myne, and through y<sup>e</sup> silken ayre wing all my softer feathers, summoning all earth's sweete ladyes to their sweetest rest, or to their sweeter labors. Evry night make I attendance on this blessed bowre,



Where Majestie and Love are mett in one,  
 All harmfull spiritts frighting from his throne,  
 And keeping watch y<sup>t</sup> noe ill-looking plannet fasten his beames here ;  
 all ill-looking commettes (in all their influences so much feared)

Converting into good and golden dewes,  
 That peace and plenty through y<sup>e</sup> land diffuse.

*Pig.* What! turn'd poet, Madge?

*How.* I, Pigg: I hope I have not harbord so long in an ivie bush, but I can play the poet for a neede.

*Pig.* Meaning a needy poet.

*How.* Faith, needy we are all, Pig; and all for the needlesnes of so many.

But this all equal knowledge hath decreed,  
 Neede is no vice, since vices have no need.

*Pig.* Sententious and satyricall! Who would beleewe dull Madge were so sharpe a singer?

*How.* What, not the bird of Pallas? Knowe thou, Pig,  
 I have sung w<sup>th</sup> the Nightingall, and obtain'd  
 The prise from her in judgment of the best eares.

*Pig.* True; if y<sup>e</sup> biggest be best; for the asse was yo<sup>r</sup> judge.

*How.* No matter who be a judge, so hee beares upright eares betwixt partie and partie. But if my song should not prove pleasing to lords, I hope yet ladies would a little beare w<sup>th</sup> mee for kindred sake.

*Pig.* Kindred, Madge? By what clame comes that in? Methinkes there's little resemblance betwixt them and thee.

*Madg.* Tis true, that fewe of them resemble mee favor, but in quallitie wee are a kinne.

*Pig.* As howe, Madge?

*Madg.* Why, one point is, that they commonly love to be chatting, when all else are silent, w<sup>h</sup> is property borrowed from mee; for my tongue is still walking, when all else are tonge-tyed.

*Pig.* Thats something agreeable.

*Madg.* Another is, that ladies take more pleasure in night then daie; and so doe I. Only we differ in this; they keepe house all night, and fly out ith' day.

*Pig.* Then be it thie heraldrie to call them home nowe, and proclaime their silence.

*Madg.* Nay, lett them alone for silence; when they come home, they'le keepe councill in their own causes as well as men.

*Pig.* Proclaime their attendance, then, and attention to Bewty. Make a noise.

*How.* Oyes!

*Pig.* All manner of ladies.

*Pig.* Cittie or countrey,

*Pig.* That either are, or would be, of Bewties traine,

*Ma.* All &c.

*Ma.* Citty &c.

*Ma.* That &c.

<i>Pig.</i> Make ready to be observed.	<i>Ma.</i> Make &c.
<i>Pig.</i> In all the newest fashions	<i>Ma.</i> In all &c.
<i>Pig.</i> They can possibly gett for loue or mony.	<i>Ma.</i> They &c.
<i>Pig.</i> What cost soever is spard	<i>Ma.</i> What &c.
<i>Pig.</i> Shalbe defalkt out of their contentment.	<i>Ma.</i> Shalbe &c.
<i>Pig.</i> If their husbandes be in fault,	<i>Ma.</i> If &c.
<i>Pig.</i> They shall punish them at their pleasure.	<i>Ma.</i> They &c.
<i>Pig.</i> If their lovers, they shall change at pleasure.	<i>Ma.</i> If &c.
<i>Pig.</i> And further it is provided,	<i>Ma.</i> And &c.
<i>Pig.</i> That if any lady loose her jewell,	<i>Ma.</i> That &c.
<i>Pig.</i> If it cannot be restored,	<i>Ma.</i> If &c.
<i>Pig.</i> Shee shall have the vallue of it given her.	<i>Ma.</i> Shee &c.
<i>Pig.</i> Out of Bewties privy purse.	<i>Ma.</i> Out of &c.
<i>Pig.</i> And Jove save our soueraigne	<i>Ma.</i> And &c.
<i>Pig.</i> See nowe, the seane opens, and the twelve Spheres descend to call Bewty from her forte, the Hearte.	

*Ma.* Lett us be gone, then, and performe the rest  
 Of our observance in some seate unsene.  
 Ile flutter upp, and take my perche upon  
 Some citty head-attire, and looke through that  
 (Buzzelld w<sup>th</sup> bone lace) like myselfe in state.  
 Doe thou transforme thie selfe into a glowe worm,  
 And twixt some ladies lovely brestes lye shining,  
 Like to a crisolite, till, in the end,  
 With some Good Night wee both againe attend.

*Pig.* Agreed.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Bew.* Nowe, Somnus, open thie Ambrosian gates,  
 Ushered w<sup>th</sup> all Athenias birdes and battes,  
 And (crown'd with poppey) rule and bound y<sup>e</sup> knees  
 Of these thus spritelie principalities :  
 Concluding all in as much golden rest,  
 As all their motions have been prais'd and blest.

*After this, SOMNUS is seene hovering in y<sup>e</sup> ayre, and sings the last song.  
 Retire, &c. W<sup>ch</sup> done, they dance their going off, and conclude.*

#### I SONG.

Grace of Earth and Heaven appeare !  
 Feare to trust a human forte :  
 Bewty, so divinelie cleare,  
 Must be conceald in Courte.  
 If ever you your selfe affected,  
 Showe here your light, or live neglected.

- Chor.* Pulses, you that guard her lighte,  
 Borne to rest nor daie nor night,  
 Dead slumber must not thus enthrall:  
 Wake, and with a lowde alarme,  
 Serve our Conqueror of Charms,  
 And for him breake your Heart and all.
- Cho.* Breake, Hearte, for feare to holde a forte  
 Against the kingdome of a Courte.

## 2 SONG.

Shine out, faire Sunns, with all your heate,  
 Showe all your thousand colour'd lighte;  
 Black Winter freezes to his seate;  
 The graie wullff howles, he does so bite;  
 Crookt Age on three knees creepes the streete;  
 The bonelesse Fish close quaking lies,  
 And eates for colde his aking feete;  
 The Starrs in isickles arise.

- Cho.* Shine out, and make this winter nighte  
 Our Bewties Spring, our Prince of Lighte.

*Here they come forth, and dance their entrie. After w<sup>h</sup>, BEWTIE  
 speakes a little; and HARMONY comaundes this 3<sup>d</sup> Song.*

## 3 SONG

Procede with your divine delighte,  
 Even till it reach meridian height;  
 Exceede the Sunne in your advances,  
 Who onlie at his rising dances.  
 Quicke offerings still to our Apollo give;  
 In whose creating beames yee shine and live.

## 4 SONG.

- See, see, howe Beauties summer glows,  
 Incenst to make her solstice here,  
 Where all the motions of the yeare  
 To all the Graces paie their vows.
- Cho.* Whie rest these breathing Plannetts, then?  
 These moulds of Life? these orbs of Men?  
 Since here (it seemes) they passe for neither.  
 Elsewhere, life's joies are fors't and laide  
 Still on y<sup>e</sup> racke.  
 Or else, are like the inconstant wether,  
 Wings without bodies, never staide,  
 But in their lacke.

## THE TWELVTH NIGHT'S REVELLS.

But here they flowe, and staie and sitt,  
 For worthie choices free and fitt.  
 Chuse, chuse ! these joies [not] seas'd in tyme will flitt.

## SONG,

Retire ! Rest calls ye to retreate ;  
 Late watchings waste the vitall heate,  
 Though spent in sports, that nectar sweate.  
 Retire ; and lett these numberd pleasures  
 Teach youth and state to tread the measures ;  
 And spare, still in the middst their treasures.  
 Retire ; though in your princely blood  
 Each spirrit for Somnus is too good.  
 Yett come : bathe in his golden flood,  
 Where true dreames shall employ yo<sup>r</sup> breath,  
 And teach you howe to wake in Death.

## FINIS.

## MASK OF THE FOUR SEASONS.

GENIUS, *or the Countryes better Angell. wrapt in amazement at some happy changes he observes in his Soyle and Clymate, begins the entertainment w<sup>th</sup> his first Entry*

## GENIUS.

What mean these præparations in y<sup>e</sup> ayre,  
 proclaimeing some great welcome ? all soe fayre,  
 the dogstar bites not ! and the parching heat  
 that lately chapt our feilds, sweet showres, that beat  
 on the earth's teeming bosome, have allay'd :  
 the earth in robes of a new Spring arayde,  
 seems proude of some late gieste : the days are clear  
 as had tyme, from all seasons of y<sup>e</sup> year,  
 extracted forth theyr quintessence. In mee,  
 this countryes Genius, the sweet harmony  
 of all the elements (that have conspir'd  
 to blesse our soyle and clymate) hath inspir'd  
 a fresher soule. But soft ! what doo I see ?  
 Beuty join'd hand in hand with Majesty ?  
 Mars and y<sup>e</sup> Queen of Love ? Sure, tis not they.  
 I see noe wanton glances, but a raye  
 like bright Diana's smiles ; and in his face  
 a grave aspect, like Jove's, taking his place

amidst heavns counsellors: nor are those twayn  
 yonge Cupids: they have eys, and I in vayne  
 guesse at yon fresher beauty then ye Spring,  
 or smooth-fac't Hebe. Let sweet Orpheus sing  
 unto his well tun'd lyre, y<sup>t</sup> they may see  
 they're truly welcome here, whoe ere they bee.

ORPHEUS *enters w<sup>th</sup> this Song.*

Canst thou in judgment bee soe slow,  
 as those ritch beautyes not to know ?  
 look on those eys, and sure theyr shine  
 will give more clearnes unto thine.

These, the fayr causes of our mirth,  
 shall in esteem our barren earth  
 equall with theyrs, whose lofty eys,  
 our higher mountaines heer despise.

See how the heavnes smile on our land,  
 and plenty stretch her opened hand,  
 enritching us w<sup>th</sup> hearts content,  
 civility and government.

Wee in our country, that in us,  
 both happy are, and prosperous;  
 and of our youth noe more made poore,  
 shall find y<sup>e</sup> Court ev'n at our dore.

GENIUS.

I'me sung into my sences, but nought might,  
 like Majesty or Beuty, dazle sight:  
 bee that my just excuse. Now let mee show  
 what welcome for my country's sake I owe  
 to these her blessings. Backward shall y<sup>e</sup> year  
 runne in his course; y<sup>e</sup> Seasons shall apear  
 each w<sup>th</sup> theyr proper dantyes; Winter shall,  
 as for his age preferd, bring first of all  
 his full, though grosser dishes; let them be  
 th'expression of our entertainment, free,  
 though not soe fine. Yet thus much lett mee say,  
 there is noe danger in them, but you may  
 feareles tast where you please, they're all our own;  
 noe dish whose tast or dressing is unknown  
 unto our natives: neighbouring mountains yeald  
 us goats, and in y<sup>e</sup> next adjoining feilds

pasture our muttuns : if there bee a buck  
 turnd into venison, that was likewise struck  
 on our owne lawnes : of whatsoere is more,  
 wee serve in noe strange dish, but [our] owne store.

*This speech ended, WINTER ushers in y<sup>e</sup> first course, w<sup>ch</sup> having ordered  
 upon y<sup>e</sup> table, turnes to y<sup>e</sup> Company.*

WINTER.

Not to detain you longer from your fare,  
 to tell you more then welcome, welcome y<sup>e</sup> are :  
 welcome, with all my hart. More can't be spoak ;  
 a fuller word then welcome is would choak.

*[An old man : if you hear  
 more, hear grace.\*]*

*The first Course taken away, ORPHEUS ushers AUTUMNE, with the  
 second : hee presents a bakemeat in one hand, and wyne in y<sup>e</sup> other,  
 being y<sup>e</sup> fruits of Ceres and Bacchus, properly belonging to AUTUMNE,  
 in whose name ORPHEUS sings.*

Your beautyes, ladyes, far more bright  
 and sweet then Phæbus clearest light,  
 have sooner far fetcht Autumne heer  
 then all his smiles throughout y<sup>e</sup> year.

Though w<sup>th</sup> his rayes  
 and fayrest days,  
 and w<sup>th</sup> serenest view,  
 hee courts mee heer,  
 yet I appear,  
 but to attend on you.

And, being come, I hold it scorne  
 to welcome you w<sup>th</sup> meer bare corne ;  
 here's Ceres in a new attire,  
 and ripned w<sup>th</sup> a second fire.

Cut up and find  
 how shee is lind ;  
 for to entertaine you  
 here's Bacchus blood,  
 to digest your food ;  
 why then, doe not refraine you.

*[Exeunt.]*

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\* This is inserted as a stage-direction in the MS. ; but it seems a sort of prose conclusion to the speech of Winter, who, we may suppose, says grace before the King, Queen, &c., begin the feast.

*The second Course taken away, ORPHEUS enters again, bringing in SUMMER, and the frutes of her Season, w<sup>h</sup> this Song.*

Summer was off'ring sacrifice  
unto y<sup>e</sup> Sunne, but from your eys  
perceiving far a clearer light,  
ladyes, hee gives them to your sight ;  
and ritcher paiment doth hee find  
from your breaths then the Southern wind.

As Autumnes clusters ripned bee  
by neighbouring grapes maturity,  
soe from your lips his cherries, heer,  
take sweetnes, and theyr colour clear.  
Noe marvell, then, y<sup>t</sup> as your due  
they thus present themselves to you :  
all other frutes his season yealde[s]  
are yours, himself, his trees, his feilds.

[*Exeunt.*]

*The last of ORPHEUS songs is in y<sup>e</sup> person of y<sup>e</sup> SPRING, whoe brings in y<sup>e</sup> bason and ewer.*

The nightingale, y<sup>e</sup> larke, y<sup>e</sup> thrush doe sing,  
and all to welcome in y<sup>e</sup> Spring.

The warme blood in y<sup>e</sup> veynes  
doth hop about and dance,  
and new life's in evry thing.

The yong men they doe likewise court theyr lovers,  
whilst them theyr lusty warme blood mooves ;

but unto you y<sup>e</sup> Spring  
doth [raise] her voyce and sing,  
and her self your lover proves.

Shee not presents you heer w<sup>th</sup> simple flowres,  
but with sweet distilled showres :

theyr very quintessence,  
most pleasing to y<sup>e</sup> sence,  
extracted from them forth shee powres.

Add sweet to sweet, and wash your lilly hands :  
The Spring shall be at your commands.

Nought could have brought back heer  
y<sup>e</sup> Spring tide [of] y<sup>e</sup> year,  
Save you, fayr blessings of our land,  
To whom thus w<sup>th</sup> a wish shee bids Adieu.  
Spring, youth, and beuty, still attend on you.

[*Exeunt.*]

*After supper is ended, and y<sup>e</sup> tables taken away, Enters GENIUS.*

Heres not enough of mirth. I warne t'appear  
Once more the Seasons of y<sup>e</sup> year.  
Let musique strike, and you shall see  
old Winters full of jollity :  
Autumne is Bacchus darling, and  
soe joyd, perchance hee can not stand :  
the other livelyer Seasons shall,  
show \* you theyr pastimes festivall,  
how usually they doe themselves bestirre  
on May day, and the feast of Midsommer.

*This Speech ended, enter WINTER.*

Winter is old, yet would he fain  
this fayr assembly entertain  
to his best powre ; but should he try,  
he feares it were not worth your ey.  
His cold stiffe limbs are most unfit,  
although his heart be merry yet,  
his long nights jovially to spend  
with cups and tales to pleas his friend.  
Let not your expectations runne  
further ; his dancing days are done :  
yet if hee soe may satisfie,  
by some quicke yongster to supply  
his place, hee Christmas Gamboles pickes,  
to entertain you w<sup>th</sup> his trickes.

1. *Then enters GAMBOLES, dancing a single Anticke w<sup>th</sup> a forme.*
2. *After him, AUTUMNE brings in his Anticke of drunkards.*
3. *SUMMER followes, w<sup>th</sup> a country dance of heymakers or reapers.*
4. *The last is a morrice dance, brought in by y<sup>e</sup> SPRING.*

*These ended, Enter GENIUS, w<sup>th</sup> Epilogue.*

If these our pastimes pleas, I've yet one more  
that freely doth present you all her store :  
Night gives her howres ; part them, as you think best,  
between your recreation and your rest.

FINIS.

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\* Miswritten *So* in the MS.



## THE COMPLETION OF THE BANKSIDE SHAKESPEARE.

THE issuing during the summer of 1892 of the concluding volume of this noble edition is an event of signal importance in the field of Shakespeariana, and the gentlemen who have carried it to a successful conclusion are to be complimented upon their faith, perseverance and capital success.

The New York Shakespeare Society was incorporated April 24, 1885. In September of that year it issued its first Circular of Publications, Nos. 1 and 2, and added in a postscript, "Among other publications the society contemplates the issuing of a specimen of text editions upon an entirely novel plan. The play selected will probably be *The Merry Wives of Windsor*." This was the first printed suggestion of The Bankside. In September, 1886, several thousand copies of a rubricated four-page circular were distributed, giving the plan at present observed, but announcing the forthcoming as *The Blackfriar's Edition*. Soon after this, Mr. A. R. Frey, at that time an associate librarian of the Astor Library, called Mr. Morgan's attention to the fact that the Messrs. Routledge, of London, published a one-volume popular edition of the works which they called *The Blackfriar's Shakespeare*. Mr. Morgan thought it best, therefore, to avoid any possible interference or confusion, and withdrew the circulars, and finally, in October, 1886, new circulars appeared, announcing *The Bankside Edition* as the name decided upon, the initial volume to appear at once. Details involved in launching the venture continued to present themselves, however, and it was not until September, 1887, that the first "copy" for the Bankside was sent to the Riverside Press. This copy was pasted upon large sheets of draughting paper. From this the intricate parallelization of *The Merry Wives*, First Quarto and First Folio, was set up experimentally and submitted to Mr. Morgan, who cut it again, and remounted it upon other sheets of equal size and sent it back to the compositors. The operation did not need to be repeated a second time, however, for the Riverside printers learned very quickly, and after the first sheet was set up the galley proofs reaching the editor-in-chief needed no re-sorting. The choice of *The Merry Wives* for the initial Bankside was a happy one from a mechanical standpoint, as the parallelization presented every difficult feature likely to occur in any volume, and the printers from it soon

mastered them all. Indeed, after two or three sheets had been printed, the Riverside people were able to dispense with galley proofs, and send the proofs, a sheet at a time folded and paged; and so accurately had the copy been prepared that, except in two or three instances, no overrunning of these pages was ever made in correcting the proofs, from first to last, in the entire twenty volumes. Volume I. of the Bankside was not, however, ready for delivery to subscribers until April, 1888—seven months after commencement of the work. The next volume was taken up at about that date, and although the parallelization of the Quarto *Taming of A Shrew* with the Folio *Taming of the Shrew* required a volume about half as large again as *The Merry Wives*, the work left the bindery and was ready to be delivered to the subscribers August 4 in the same year, having exhausted but four months and two days in its manufacture. The next volume was finished in three months, being delivered November 10, 1888; the next four months, delivered March 4, 1889. Nor has this average of four volumes a year been exceeded in the manufacture of the Bankside, although sometimes, as in the cases of volumes VIII. and IX. and XVI., XVII. and XVIII., the interval of manufacture was two days less than two months, and that between XVII. and XVIII. only one month; this latter, however, was a coincidence, as volume XVII. was the heaviest and costliest volume on account of the use of the font of blackletter employed, of which we shall have more to say below, and had been run along with vol. XVII. on another press.

Although an operation so entirely unique as the exact reproduction, by nineteenth century typesetters, of the old typographical errors, reversed and broken types, archaic spaces and punctuation marks misplaced, archaic contractions, dropped and redundant letters, words wrongly divided and awkwardly run together; yet in an incredibly short space of time the Riverside printers learned to arbitrarily imitate what their seventeenth century forerunners had done clumsily and carelessly, and the result is believed to be an achievement in the typographic art nowhere else ever conceived to such an extent, and certainly nowhere else and at no time ever executed. Small samples of early printing may have been reproduced, but nothing like the exact reproduction to the extent of 6,000 pages of old typography has ever been achieved, and the New York Shakespeare Society and the Riverside Press have no fear of their achievement ever being surpassed. To recur again to volume XVIII.—the lovely volume the Quarto side of which is printed from type especially cast for the work, from photographs of the archaic blackletter curiously mixed up with strange logotypes, and italic and roman lower case—the extraordinary jumble with which the 1591 printers set up the rare Quarto entitled (in accordance with the peculiarity of the date making title-pages a running

advertisement—or “argument” of the contents of the work itself): “The troublesome Raigne of John King of England, with the discovery of Richard Cordelions (Cœur-de-Leon’s) base son, vulgarly named the Bastard; also the death of King John at Swinestead Abbey, as it was sundry times acted by the Queen’s Majesty’s players in the honorable city of London—Imprinted at London for Sampson Clarke, and are to be sold at his shoppe, at the back side of the Royal Exchange, 1591” is a genuine triumph of typographical art. Moreover (and the credit belongs to the Riverside Press), it appears to be the actual fact that this is the first work ever set up throughout in blackletter within the limits of the present United States (which, of course, is the same—for the purpose—as saying that it is the first set up in that character upon our side of the Atlantic). Undoubtedly there may have been specimens of blackletter printing before (the New York Grolier Club and many others have issued such specimens), but, considering that of the three hundred and twelve pages of this volume about one hundred and fifty of them are continuously in this text, these specimen works do not array themselves against the claim.

As a matter of fact, blackletter (or “Caxton,” as it is technically called) was abandoned in England at about the date of this *Troublesome Raigne* Quarto—say between its date, 1591 and 1600—(the Stokes’s, Bankside, *The Henry V.*, the volume XVI., contained a photo-lithograph of the Quarto, the *Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth*, which was in this same blackletter, dating from 1598)—when the first book in the United States, printed with a font brought from England, whatever the discussion of its date may be settled at, was yet a century and a quarter or more unborn.

The proofs of all of these volumes have been read five times—an extra reading beyond the elaborate care given by the Riverside Press proof-readers, the most famous in the world, having been an item in the disbursement of \$19,726 which the cost of this work has footed up. Not to be invidious where all co-laborers have been so faithful, it should, we think, be recorded, that the first idea of the plan and scope of the work was Mr. Morgan’s. The notation grew from a paper read by Mr. Adees\* before the Society, in which he insisted on the value of the stage directions as a part of the text, showing by many examples how impossible it would be to arrive at what Shakespeare had intended his plays to be without the crude and clumsy “business” since from their artlessness we read much stage history and chronicle of the early contrivances of practical stage setting, not only out of the action which enrich the dramatic story was to be told.

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\* Printed ante at p. i, vol. vii.

It was Mr. Adee's plan to number every line—counting every line-space which had a word of text or stage direction in it as a line—and to “justify” each line of Quarto or Folio exactly as the early printer had justified. (Another valuable feature of which is, by the way, that the small space-line—which we call a hyphen when it denotes a broken line or a compound word, but which the early printers used for so many other purposes, for superimposition, logotypes, etc.—need never, in its various archaic functions, be confused with its modern uses. This admirable paper impressed everybody who heard it, and upon its being referred to a committee of the society was at once adopted as settling what will henceforward and always be known as The Bankside Shakespeare notation.)

With the exception of Mr. Adee's *Lear* and Mr. Frey's *Taming of a Shrew* all the parallelizing of the twenty volumes was done by Mr. Morgan, who also assumed the last reading of the text of all the plays except those two and the I. and II. *Henry IV.* and the *Henry V.*, which were read by Mr. Fleming. As to the imprints used to prepare the copy for these volumes neither the Booth First Folio nor the Griggs Prætorius reprints were entirely relied upon. As to the Quartos, the editor-in-chief himself had access to the original Quartos contained in the Lenox Library in New York, and in the Boston public libraries, and to the Stevens and Ashbee reprints. As to the First Folio, of which Mr. Booth had seven copies from which to make his immortal reprint, and so was able to first announce the fact, so often verified, that copies of this wonderful book—from some extraordinary causes occurring in its passage through the press—varied in the most minute and unnecessary particulars, the editor-in-chief, out of the twelve or fourteen copies at his option, selected the Phœnix Folio—now in the Library of Columbia College—as his standard, and by the politeness of that institution was enabled to conform to that, resisting the temptation to save himself labor by following the more convenient and every way satisfactory Stanton, or Booth, or Halliwell-Phillipps facsimiles, all of which his own library contained.

In so vast a work participated in in close harmony and consultation by Mr. Morgan and his eleven colleagues, Messrs. Frey, Reynolds, Field, Fleming, Adee, Price, Vining, Calkins, Stokes, Waites and Thomas, the general credit rests with them all, and the services of each is expressed by the volumes themselves. According to the Bankside editors then, the exact number of lines in the plays printed both in quarto and in folio, according to the “justification” of their first printers in each form, counting every line whether containing one word or ten of text or stage direction (but not counting the catch-words), is precisely as follows:

PLAY.	Lines in First Quarto.	Lines in First Folio.	Excess in Folio.
<i>Merry Wives of Windsor</i> .....	1620	2701	1081
<i>Taming of A (the) Shrew</i> .....	1623	2746	1123
<i>Merchant of Venice</i> .....	2648	2732	84
<i>Troilus and Cressida</i> .....	3356	3583	227
<i>Love's Labours Lost</i> .....	2371	2978	607
<i>Romeo and Juliet</i> .....	2348	3184	836
<i>Much Ado About Nothing</i> .....	2556	2679	123
<i>Titus Andronicus</i> .....	2561	2703	142
<i>Midsummer Night's Dream</i> .....	2134	2217	83
<i>Othello</i> .....	3306	3666	360
<i>Lear</i> .....	2986	3279	293
<i>Hamlet</i> .....	2220	3900	1680
<i>I. Henry IV</i> .....	2930	3162	232
<i>II. Henry IV</i> .....	2978	3331	353
<i>Pericles</i> .....	2355	2381	26
<i>Richard II</i> .....	2662	2826	164
<i>Richard III</i> .....	3485	3871	385
<i>Henry V</i> .....	1721	3376	
<i>King John (The Troublesome Raigne)</i>	3081	2715	
<i>II. Henry VI</i> .....	2214	3353	1139
<i>III. Henry VI</i> .....	2311	3217	906

There is much gentle sarcasm in these figures for the good people who from these counts draw verities concerning the dramatist's likes, dislikes, penchants and predilections, his own favorite characters, etc. That *Othello* and *Lady Macbeth* were pets of his, for example, because they speak more lines respectively than *Hamlet* or *Cordelia*, and so on; or that he preferred such and such a play, such and such another one, since he added more lines to the Quarto for the Folio version, and so on. According to the above figures in this view the dramatist's favorite plays were the second and third parts of *Henry the Sixth*, to which he added one thousand one hundred and thirty-nine, and nine hundred and six lines, respectively, and the ones he cared the least about were the *Pericles*, the *Midsummer Night's Dream* and *The Merchant of Venice*, to which he only added upon revision twenty-six, eighty-three and eighty-four lines, respectively. The "lines" being of course such "justification" as may have been required by the width of the type page of the particular edition out of which the line-counter happens to be amusing himself.

Among the special features of the *Bankside Introductions* it may be noted that volume VII. contains a copy of the pen-and-ink sketch made by De Witt of the interior of the Swan theatre, which is absolutely the only pictorial representation of a Shakespearian interior in existence; that volume X. contains a complete translation of the *Belleforest* and of the earlier *Saxo-Grammaticus Hamlet*, and a report of the case of *Hales vs. Petit*, which is complete, and the only complete one accessible outside of *Plowden's Reports*; that volume XIV. contains a facsimile by photograph of Shakespeare's will as illustrative of the question of his penmanship, and a drawing of the type-font used by Eliza-

bethan compositors in the printing offices; that volume XV. contains copies of three portraits of Richard III., two of them contemporary, and two of that monarch's autographs; that volume XVI. contains a fac-simile of the blackletter *Famous Victories of King Henry the Fifth*, the evident origin of Shakespeare's trilogy of the I. and II. *Henry the Fourth* and the *Henry the Fifth*; that volume XVIII. is an exact reproduction of the blackletter *Troublesome Raigne*, with its curious logotypes; that volume XIX. contains a sketch by Inigo Jones for the stage dressing of the character of Jack Cade; and that volume XX. contains fac-similes, in exact size, of the "plats" used in the early English theatres to guide the actors in their entrances, exits and general "business"—features which alone would make this edition unique, and which probably are, outside of a few libraries like the British Museum, unobtainable for consultation, and which certainly are nowhere else contained in a single edition of Shakespeare. Indeed, except that the same generous editorial supervision, which has spared no outlay and overlooked no detail of illustration, should be at once applied to the remaining Shakespeare plays not printed in Quarto, nothing appears to remain for suggestion. The particular attention given by the Bankside to the early stage directions and indications of stage business in the text and in the variations between the Quartos and the Folios, which have been mostly disregarded by other editions, is a treatment of which certainly the sixteen remaining canonical plays should not be deprived.

Of course this table is misleading in the cases of the *Hamlet*, or where the Second Folio was augmented to a larger number of lines than the First Folio version, so that the latter version was really a pruned or stage copy of the Second Folio form; and of the *King John*, where the Quarto *Troublesome Raigne* (only Shakespeare's by adoption and grace) contains more lines than the First Folio version. But otherwise the above table shows practically the difference between the First Quarto and First Folio Shakespeare plays, so far as their "augmentation" from the one to the other is concerned.

In The Bankside Shakespeare, as now completed, the reader may place before him the First Quartos of the Shakespeare plays, in the exact typographical condition in which William Shakespeare himself saw them, and so an opportunity of using his own judgment and acumen in deciding whether the text of the First Folio, which is our authority for Shakespeare as he is read and understood to-day, was led astray by the typographical vagaries of the old Quarto, or was a correction of them; that is to say, whether Shakespeare wrote obscurely, or was made obscure by the exigencies and inadequacies of the early printers, or of the ignorant or conjectural correction of those printers.

The first Collation table in each Bankside volume, accordingly,



gives the line at the foot of each page of a Quarto where the printer placed a signature mark, and refers it to its signature mark, and to its proper seriatim number in both the Quarto and the Folio according to the Bankside system of notation.

The second Collation table supplements the first by referring the Bankside Folio line to the column of the page of the First Folio upon which it occurs, using the bottom line as before. The pagination of the First Folio having been, as just described, so exceedingly unconventional, the repetition of page numbers is constant and would be annoying, did not the reader of course understand that the number meant the First Folio page so numbered, which is occupied with the particular play before him. In the Four-Text *Hamlet* now about to be issued by the Society, a further notation, that of the Globe Edition, will be added to these.

To so ambitious and so thoroughly noble a work but one desirable thing is now lacking. The series should be continued to include all the First Folio plays: paralleling as in the First Folio text (to occupy the present Quarto page) with an eclectic approved modern text, say that of the Cambridge, or (as in the Four-Text *Hamlet*) of the Globe.

F. J. SCAMMON.

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#### THE NINTH EDITION OF "THE OUTLINES."\*

SAID Richard Grant White, when he saw the fourth edition of Dr. Halliwell-Phillipps' *Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare*, "Hereafter nobody will attempt to write about Shakespeare or Shakespeare matters without consulting this book."

Had he lived to see the ninth edition now before us he might well have amended his dictum to read, "After consulting this book nobody will dare to attempt to write about Shakespeare or Shakespeare matters at all." Indeed so complete, so comprehensive and so exhaustive is the work in its present edition in two noble octavo volumes—the real term, we believe, is "royal" octavo or, perhaps, "imperial" octavo—that it might well deter anybody who should attempt a life of Shakespeare or a history of his date, career and work.

In one even casually examining these massive volumes, the vast material handled, the numberless details touched, and the calm and

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\* *Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare*, by J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps, F.R.S., F.S.A. The Ninth Edition. 2 v., cloth, pp. 416, 432. New York and London: Longmans, Green & Co.

above all conservative method which coerces it all into order would command admiration. But to those who have watched this great work grow from its modest little first edition in about the year 1879 to its present proportions, with the familiarity which grows of affection with each succeeding edition, it is difficult to speak with less than enthusiasm of this complete whole, and when one adds to this a knowledge of the long preparation of which this work is the output, the forty years of research, examination and comparison of muniments, indicia and vestiges of Shakespeare and his life and days—the exact acceptance and rejection of relics and pseudo-relics—cannot fail to place this work before him and turn its clear and elegant pages not only with enthusiasm but with veneration little short of the reverence with which a devotee touches his idol. Probably the world has never seen a treatise so carefully prepared for as was this life-work of Halliwell-Phillipps. Other books are written, revised, enlarged, abridged, and so at last in step with the compiler's conscientiousness or arrogance or vanity, with his learning or his pretence or his pride, brought to a finale.

But this volume is the result not only of patience, care and prudence guided by eminent knowledge, but of what we may call, perhaps—for want of a more graceful term at hand—a literary testing of material such as no other work, to our knowledge, ever received; or, as the mass of printed matter, already alarming, still continues to amass itself and cumber the booksellers' columns, probably ever will receive. In describing a unique process, a process so far as we know never suggested before Dr. Halliwell-Phillipps adopted it, it is necessary to hunt for a term as unique as the item to be termed, and possibly the one at hand will answer.

Dr. Halliwell-Phillipps' plan—and it was a tedious and an expensive one—was this: he printed small pamphlets from time to time upon Shakespeare discoveries, or supposed discoveries, touching Shakespeare's day and date, issued but a very small number of copies, say eight or fourteen, broke up the forms and distributed the types. These little books he passed to friends only, with a request that they discuss, dissect and refute or destroy the argument, and return with comments. In this way, in the course of forty years of constant exploration for rare and overlooked matter, wherein the labor he delighted in physicked pain, he actually issued some two hundred tracts according to Mr. Winsor's "*Halliwelliana*."\* Foreseeing certainly the ultimate collation of the truth thus grain by grain and atom by atom extracted from the loads of material poured into his library and packed away in his lockers. These results once digested became in their turn again items, and then, without relaxing his search, the first

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\* See SHAKESPERIANA, v. 7, p. 1.



edition of the book itself, which in its eighth edition left the author's hand just as that hand fell paralyzed and his glorious soul passed into the beyond. Of books of æsthetic criticism Dr. Halliwell-Phillipps thought very little and bothered himself less. Under his great work-table at Hollingbury Copse (now alas no longer the welcome shrine of Shakespearians from all over the globe) a great trough was daily filled with the constant products of a prolific press. Even of so eminent a Variorum as that of Dr. Furness he spoke as "a work which exhibits in a strong light the practical futility of æsthetic commentary. There is the immortal text, of which one can never be weary, and then come lucubration of the philosophical critics, much no doubt that is exceedingly clever, but, taken as a whole, an almost impenetrable mass of conflicting opinions, wild conjectures and leaden contemplations, a huge collection of antagonistic materials which if not repulsive is certainly appalling."

And so by discarding, burning, rewriting and correcting (to such an extent that even up to the seventh edition scores of pages were cancelled, and then again restored—as new discoveries superseded or substantiated old opinions) the work grew to its present proportions.

And this vast body of evidence, invaluable and nowhere else accessible—from the deeds of New Place and the Globe Theatre to the story of the Fool and the Ice, from the most important to the minutest item—is splendidly illustrated with prints from the famous Shakespeare blocks, lately stored at Hollingbury Copse and so often described in these pages,\* which became by the eminent author's will the property of the Shakespeare Society of New York, and by whose perpetual license to Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co., the chosen publishers of Dr. Halliwell-Phillipps, these blocks are now used and are to be used in every succeeding edition of this monumental, memorable and unexampled work. Of the eight hundred and forty-eight pages of the present edition two hundred and seventy-six are occupied with a narrative of the Shakespeares in Stratford-upon-Avon, running from the first notice of the fine levied upon Richard Shakespeare in the reign of King Edward VI. for maintaining a "sterquinarium," down to the funeral of the dramatist in 1616, and citing nothing not of record or nothing out of the order, and above all, admitting no suggestions or conjectures as to anything. The narrative closed, the bulk of the work, from page 277 of volume one to the end of the second volume, in all 572 pages, is occupied with the documents themselves, fruits of the laborious collection and sifting processes of forty years of which we have spoken above.

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\* See especially volume VII., p. 27, *The Shakespeare Blocks*, the Halliwell-Phillipps bequest to the New York Shakespeare Society.

## A COLLATION OF THE FIRST FOLIO.

THE printers of the First Folio undertook what was for that day a very large piece of work. Volumes there were indeed, as for example Drayton's *Polyolbion*, which were quite as bulky. But this was a consecutive poem, and, although in three parts, with separate title-pages and "front matter" to each, presented few of the varieties of type, initials and ornamentations which were necessary or supposed to be necessary to the First Folio. It is apparent, too, in the latter case, that the resources of more than one printing establishment were availed of. This rendered necessary a more or less complex system of pagination or of "signature," the former being for the readers', the latter for the manufacturers' (*i. e.* the printers' and binders') convenience. These "signatures" are found to run at first as far as an ordinary capital letter alphabet would carry them; then with an alphabet of small letters, and then of both or of printers' marks. These signatures began with capital A, containing title, verses, and introductory matter, 9 leaves. *The Tempest* to *The Winter's Tale*—A to C c 2, in sixes (V is misprinted V v). *King John* to *Troilus and Cressida*—a to g, in sixes (a 3 is misprinted A a 3); gg, 8 leaves; h to x, and ¶, and ¶¶, in sixes; ¶¶¶ one leaf (m 3 is misprinted l 3; x 3 is not marked). *Coriolanus* to *Cymbeline*—a a to f f, in sixes (b b 2 is misprinted B b 2); g g has 8 leaves (five of which are marked g g, g g 2, G g, g g 2, g g 3); h h, k k to v v, x, y y to b b b, in sixes (n n and n n 2 are misprinted N n and N n 2; o o is misprinted O o; o o 2 has no signature; t t 2 is misprinted t t 3; x x, x x 2, x x 3, are misprinted x, x 2, and x 3; y y 2 and y y 3 are misprinted y 2 and y 3. This might dispose of any theory that the First Folio editors inserted *Troilus and Cressida* arbitrarily, as ¶¶ marks may as well have been consecutive as arbitrary after the small letters had been exhausted. But again, it might not. For, it being understood that the division of Tragedies was to begin with the alphabet once more, the signatures ¶¶¶ etc., may have been employed to save beginning the alphabet at the end of the Comedies. It is a little curious, too, to note that the idea of using these signs for signature marks may have been suggested by the first signature mark of the First Quarto which is ¶. With exception of the *Othello* and *The Winter's Tale*, where the table is called "The Names of the Actors," the *Timon of Athens*, where the title is "Actor's Names," *The Tempest*, where the title is "Names of the Actors," and the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* and *Measure for Measure*, where it reads, "The Names of all the Actors," none of the plays in the First Folio had a table of the *dramatis personæ* attached. Of these plays *The Tempest*,

where the unity of place is strictest, has a general scene mentioned for the action. "The scene, an vn-inhabited Island" runs the legend there, directly over the table. All these tables are printed at the end of the plays to which they refer, and apparently for the purpose of filling space where the text runs short of properly occupying the page. The *Measure for Measure* also has a line "The Scene Vienna," but beyond this there appears to be no general place of the action given in the First Folio.

This is, of course, however complicated, perfectly intelligible to a practical printer, and, when followed closely, to the student also sufficiently displays the continuity of the work. But for the reader who only relies on the pagination, as he has a right to do, the matter assumes a perplexity which it is not strange perhaps to find leading to all sorts of suggestions and speculations, some of them occult and labored, even to the assumption of a strange cipher in the text itself to which this pagination may be a key.

In his introduction to volume XX. of the Bankside Shakespeare, Mr. Morgan has carefully noted this pagination as follows:

After the title-page with the famous Droeshout portrait, there is a leaf containing on its reverse ten lines, headed, "To the Reader" — signed, "B. I." i.e. Ben Jonson. Dedication to "William Earle of Pembroke, &c.," and "Philip Earle of Montgomery" — signed Iohn Heminge" and "Henry Condell" — one leaf. "To the great Variety of Readers" — signed "Iohn Heminge" and "Henrie Condell" — one leaf. "To the Memory of my Beloued, the Avthor Mr. William Shakespeare," &c. — two pages of verses, signed Ben : Ionson" — one leaf. "Vpon the Lines and Life of the Famous Scenicke Poet, Master William Shakespeare" — fourteen lines, signed "Hvgh Holland" — one leaf. "To the Memorie of the deceased Authour Maister W. Shakespeare" — twenty-two lines, signed "L. Digges" — "To the memorie of M. W. Shake-speare" — eight lines, signed "I. M." — one leaf. "The Workes of William Shakespeare," &c. "The names of the Principall Actors," &c. — one leaf. "A Catalogve of the seuerall Comedies, Historiēs, and Tragedies," &c. — one leaf.

Then comes *The Tempest*, pages 1 to 19; *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, pages 20 to 38; *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, pages 39 to 60 (pages 50 and 59 are misprinted respectively 58 and 51); *Measure for Measure*, pages 61 to 84; *The Comedie of Errors*, pages 85 to 100 (page 86 is misprinted 88); the *Much adoe about Nothing*, pages 101 to 121; *Loues Labour's lost*, pages 122 to 144; *A Midsommer Nights Dreame*, pages 145 to 162 (pages 153 and 161 are respectively misprinted 151 and 163); *The Merchant of Venice*, pages 163 to 184 (pages 164 and 165 are respectively misprinted 162 and 163); *As you Like it*, pages 185 to 207 (page 189 is misprinted 187); *The Taming of the Shrew*, pages 208 to 229 (in some copies page 214 is printed 212; one

of the evidences that copies of the first edition vary, and that corrections were made during the progress of the volume through the press); *All's Well that Ends Well*, pages 230 to 254 (page 237 in some copies is misprinted 233, pages 249, 250 are respectively misprinted 251, 252); *Twelfth Night, Or What you will*, pages 255 to 275 (page 265 is misprinted 273); the next page, which would be page 276, has no number. *The Winters Tale*, pages 277 to 303, the proper number on page 304 being omitted again; *King John*, pages 1 to 22; *Richard the Second*, pages 23 to 45 (in some copies page 37 is misprinted 39); *Henry the Fourth, Part I.*, pages 46 to 73 (pages 47, 48, are omitted). The headline on page 57 reads "The First Part of Henry the Fourth," instead of King Henry the Fourth, as elsewhere. *Henry the Fourth, Part II.*, pages 74 to 100, with a leaf containing the "EPILOGUE," and on its reverse, "THE ACTORS NAMES" (pages 89, 90 are respectively misprinted 91, 92). *Henry the Fifth*, pages 69 to 95; *Henry the Sixth, Part I.*, pages 96 to 119; *Henry the Sixth, Part II.*, pages 120 to 146; *Henry the Sixth, Part III.*, pages 147 to 172 (pages 165, 166 are respectively misprinted 167, 168). The headlines of pages 153 to 172 read "The third Part of King Henry the Sixth," (*sic*) instead of Henry the Sixth. *Richard the Third*, pages 173 to 204; *Henry the Eighth*, pages 205 to 216, which is misprinted 218. Then onward 217 to end of play and epilogue. Then follows one page containing the prologue to the *Troilus and Cressida*, and then that play paged 78, 79, 80, 18 (probably 81 reversed), and the remainder of the play in 25 pages unnumbered, and the last page blank. *Coriolanus*, pages 1 to 30; *Titus Andronicus*, pages 31 to 52 (page 51 copies); *Romeo and Juliet*, pages 53 to 79 (pages 77 and 78 wanting); *Tymon of Athens*, pages 80, 81, 82, then again commencing pages 81 to 98; *The Actors' Names*, one page, the next page blank; *Julius Cæsar*, pages 109 to 130; *Macbeth*, pages 131 to 151; *Hamlet*, pages 152 to 156, then one hundred pages omitted and continuing pages 257 to 282 (pages 279 and 282 are misprinted 259 and 280), page 278 copies vary; *King Lear*, pages 283 to 309 (page 308 misprinted 38); *Othello*, pages 310 to 339; *Anthony and Cleopatra*, pages 340 to 368; *Cymbeline*, pages 369 to 399 (pages 379 and 399 misprinted respectively 389 and 993). Then, following the tailpiece, is the famous colophon. "Printed at the charges of W. Jaggard, Ed Blount, I. Smithweeke and W. Aspley, 1623," from which so much is to be inferred as to the history of the great First Folio itself, its proprietorship, backing and rights of copy.

Five ornamental headpieces (or six, noting a detail hereafter to be mentioned) were used in the First Folio: one of them but once over the Hugh Holland verses, another three times over the epistle dedicatory, and over the table of contents, and at the top of the page on which *The Tempest* begins. Thereafter the only headpieces are those

used as in those volumes, over the appropriate plays. Of these, the one to be found over the Folio text of vol. I. was used over Ben Jonson's verses, "To the memory of my Beloved, the Author," while the one over the Folio text of vol. III. was used over the L. Digges verses after which run the other commendatory verses except those by Hvgh Holland, just mentioned. Over the preface "To the great variety of Readers," is the headpiece in the form given over the Folio text of vol. II., which in some cases has two rosettes or roses, instead of one rosette and one wheel in its detail only. But one tailpiece was used in the First Folio, and this, for uniformity, has been also used for the Quarto side in these volumes (except once or twice when type had run down too low), which as a rule either had no tailpieces, or used the vignette on their title-page to fill up after the FINIS.

Similar uncertainties of pagination are to be met with in almost every volume of the date of anything like the size of the First Folio. In a volume of consecutive text, like Bacon's enormous *Advancement of Learning* and other tedious treatises, they are unnoticed, or when noticed are disregarded. But once assume anything occult or between the lines in any of them, there seems to be no reason why they should not be the subject of as much ado about nothing as is the Folio of 1623.

## A MAN THAT'S MARRIED.

### A STORY OF SHAKESPEARIAN TIMES.

#### I.

#### IN WHICH BEN WILL NOT QUARREL.

IN April of the year 1610—to be exact, on the thirtieth day of that month—there had been a sudden thaw of the frozen ice and snow which had lingered that year so uncommonly late in London, English ice and snow usually disappearing in March at the latest. But this particular thaw, coming on the day before May Day, had found and within an hour had driven skaters from the solid Thames, befogged with a vaporizing mist the narrow streets and reduced the hard crust of their surfaces, tolerable in that condition, again into the terrible mud in which stepping-stones and crossing-blocks disappeared. Pedestrians floundered about, pulling themselves out of one hole with their staves only to tumble into another, causing thereby much use of the abbreviated profanity in which Londoners had been never in proficient—such as 'sblood, 'swounds, and 'sdeath, until the very curs in the street knew a citizen from a foreigner by the echoes from the walls of the high houses, whose protruding stories all but met over the narrow streets. But if the day had been execrable, the deep and gloomy night—black enough in the dark streets at any time, when the linkboys' torches might as good have been extinguished for any help they were to wayfarer they were borne before, and only steered by the boys themselves by sheer guesswork and good luck—the deep and gloomy night was pitiless in its terror. From the overhanging stories aforesaid the melting snow fell upon the traveller, the slush beneath his feet was a foot deep or two feet deep or over his thighs, as it pleased God, the black and aggravating night was in his eyes, the decomposing filth of the undrained and ungarnished streets which the healthy snow had covered was in his nostrils—altogether a sad mess for the unhappy passer-by that night.

There were, however, exceptions to the general discomforture and gloom. The taverns were ablaze with so many lights that for their width, at least, the surface—suspicious as it was—of the streets was visible to the linkboys. The gloomy houses of the citizens who used no candle-light, but barred and bolted doors as rigidly as if they lived on Hounslow Heath or the terrible king's highway to Oxford and Coventry and the straight ford over the Avon with the little vil-



lage from which a Sir Hugh Clopton had once upon a time come to be high sheriff of London, lent their pall. But the taverns were lighted, and the citizens within, however selfishly befouling themselves with sack and sugar and aqua vitæ, at least were doing this service to the unhappy outsiders by demanding plenty of candles within. "No husbandry, Master Cooke; no husbandry," was the cry, as candle after candle would burn down in the two cressets, which, in theatrical fashion, the thrifty landlord had adopted for his great room. Candles were coin of the realm to good Master Cooke, who was none too generous of his output, nor of his sack and sugar or his canary, or of his aqua vitæ for that matter. But his profits were supposed to cover his cressets and the roaring fire in the great hearth, and many a passer-by was tempted by the terrors of the night without to guide himself to the door of the brightly lighted inn, sure that to goodwife at home he could account by his wet boots and the general state of the streets for almost any demurrage of arrival.

As yet it was only seven of the clock, though it could not well be blacker until another day's dawn—if, indeed, any dawn was to be visible several goodly hours beyond the calendar hour of its arrival next morning. Meantime the assemblage had increased, and not an oaken table or a high-backed settle in the long room of the Mermaid tavern was unoccupied. Many indeed were using the deep window-seats as receptacles for themselves and their ale-pots, or sack-pots or flagons of canary or malmsey, or that richer and costlier Portuguese wine, which the landlord called oporto, but which was so much dearer and more potent than sherris-sack (and served without burnt sugar, too) that few, except bachelors, who had no tongue of huswife to anticipate, dared to bespeak it. There was no general conversation—each Goodman talked to his neighbor or talked not at all, as suited his whim—except when the cressets showed signs of giving out, or the great fire lacked a log, or the street door opened, when a hum of protest arose, "Dout it, dout it." Nor were the little groups of twos and threes noisy or even inclined to be hilarious. The bustle of the servingmen, the low orders of the tapsters and the well-bred undertone of the guests were all that was audible. The remembrance of the night without, the autocratic license of Master Cooke, the knowledge that in the crowded room a man's room for the next comer was quite as profitable as his company, kept the sack from mounting too high or the aqua vitæ from stimulating too far.

Seven, a quarter past, when the great oaken door creaked and then swung as widely open as a great settle which had been somehow edged out of its place would admit of. Only those nearest it looked up. But those who did saw a slight figure who on putting aside his cloak appeared to be clad somewhat richly, enter and pull off his black velvet bonnet, which was glistening with the moisture of the street

without. Although he had come on foot, he showed no other signs of stress, having left his long cloak and great boots with his linkboy. This new-comer had a high forehead, somewhat higher, indeed, than it would have been without some encroachment upon the place where his closely-curling hair should have been, and was clean shaven, except for moustachios and a goatee, after the Spanish fashion which gallants and courtiers still affected from the days of Philip and Mary: a long-enduring fashion, which the spiteful said was popular only because it disguised coarse upper lips and receding chins. In this case this could not have been charged, at least as to the new-comer's chin, for his was especially a protruding and an obstreperous chin of peculiar mould. Indeed a physiognomist would say that such a chin was of the rarest occurrence, and that it meant boldness, determination and a proper self-confidence that it would require much to agitate. For the rest, the gentleman who now entered was of a sallow complexion, with large, dark eyes with dark, almost greenish lines scored heavily beneath, habited from top to toe in black velvet trunks and black silk stockings and great silver shoe-buckles, and wore a silver filigree scabbard, but no sword.

There were not many who recognized him: only those immediately around the door—and even these cried impatiently "Dout it, dout it"—gave even a nod to him. He looked around for a table or a settle, and finding none, he rather brusquely—as one who would take a lowest seat if at hand, but were he pressed to seek would seek only the highest—pushed his way toward the fireplace end of the room. As he approached this destination, however, many began to yield to him, or smiled as they cramped themselves for his passage, or greeted him in friendly or even affectionate terms. One man, however, a gentleman evidently, attired much like the new-comer in velvet and silk stockings, and who, in spite of the heat of the room, kept his great cloak suspended by a hook at the nape of his neck, rose and proffered his seat.

"Nay," he said, as the new-comer protested with a courteous wave of the hand, "I am about to take my departure, though beshrew me if the night tempts me."

"Possibly thou will be beshrewed as it is, my good Drayton, and another hour or so will make no difference in the beshrewing. Sit thee down again. I am minded to a many stoups to get this miasm out of me—as many as will serve, at any rate—and thou shalt fill one to every one of mine, albeit thou hast not crossed from Surrey shore and splashed afoot through this devil's own night. Did gods or men imagine ever such streetways as our worshipful lord mayors and turtle-fed aldermen decree us?"

"Bah!" replied the gentleman thus addressed, "you are too nice. Doubtless three hundred years from now, if perchance a city



greater than London should arise in that new world whereby Sir George Somers layeth such store, there would be found scowlers and scolders at the streets. What moots it? An' the walking be sorry, ride. Are not the profits of the Globe sufficient? Suffice not the great throngs you draw to see your bad plays and your worse players? Methinks among the heaps of testerns you garner nightly you might bestow a few for a mount of some sort. The item of Master Shakespeare footing it from the landing to the Mermaid on a night like this is a commentary on his ancient and fish-like plays—made up from the scraps left over at a feast of language and stale stories from Italy—should be tacked to a copy of those same plays. So if posterity read them—as it will lack penetration if it does—it may learn how cheap they were, and how meagrely they warranted their compiler, or maybe their author, in the wherewithal of his body's comfort."

"Rail on, rail on, dear Drayton," answered Shakespeare. "But know you that but to-night one of my ancient and fish-like plays, as you call them—the *Othello*, wherein young Master Taylor has so greatly hit it in his Desdemona, and William Kemp hath played our clown (for as it was all tragedy save the silly Roderigo, the gulled gentleman, I was forced to interpolate a clown as 'twere by a rope)—has filled the Globe Theatre and my purse at once; my purse, indeed, is but now bursting with foreign crowns and guilders."

"And how foreign?" asked Drayton.

"As if thou hadst not heard," said Shakespeare. "Why man, the German embassy, which made such jack-an'-apes of themselves but lately at Windsor, and had their horses stolen, as well they merited—surely thou hast heard of what the whole court laughs at—well, this whole embassy sat in my best seats and on my stage, and paid in goodly sort, too, for the license."

"And you?"

"Yes, on my very person at this moment is all this store of goodly coinage which I must with betimes to the money-changers to-morrow, unless I drain too many pots with thee, thou defamer and deep drinker; for by St. Patrick I should have had myself and this load of coin in mine own house at St. Helen's Place by this had not the cressets of the Mermaid and the prospect of a bout with thee belayed me."

"Belayed is good, dear Will," said Drayton; "you are indeed like your own Holofernes, as you named your travesty on the severe young Francis Bacon (when he comes into the Queen's favor you will deny it, but mark how I will hold the truth over your head, Master William), a very snapper up of phrases, wherever thou canst snap them. Methinks belay meaneth to cease, not to hold fast; but I mind me of so many phrases in your twiggen-bottle plays. But this is not about. Tell me of your gold-mine at the Globe to-night."

"A gold-mine you well say. Know you then that to-night, not only did the court honor my ancient and fish-like play, from the Italian—mine own claim is that it is mine own from the Venetian—but the entire German embassy, ambassador, suite and all—they that made, as I may say, asses of themselves at Windsor but now—were present. They comprehended not one word of the play, sank to lethargic sleep as after something too much wine, or mumbled to themselves, God knows what, or compared robes, or assessed our London ways as comparable with their own barbarisms which they certes reckon the true flavor and flower and mould of courtesy—indeed paid no heed whatever to my actors. But their crowns or guilders, or whatever the money-changers will make of them—and I trust them to hoodwink me and lie me out of half my use of them—came in generously; so sit and rail at me an' thou wilt. What shall it be? Saxony waters? For myself, truly I need something to put out the miasm. Thou, poor Drayton, who have already guzzled this two hours, wilt have a trifle of sugar and sack, or a metheglin, or perhaps that monstrous innovate of the Dutchman—a double beer! Here, Master Cooke," and here Shakespeare elevated his voice, "here, aqua vitæ for me, and some baby drink or other from Italy or France for our Drayton here, whose dame sits up for him!"

Very little attention was attracted by this sally—audible enough to half the assemblage—among the throng of drinkers; one or two nodded to their cronies with, "That's Master Shakespeare," or "Master Shakespeare asserts himself more than is his wont, to-night," or a half smile or only a shrug. One or two, indeed, who wore swords with curiously jewelled hilts, sneered or otherwise expressed contempt for one who would raise his voice in a decorous assemblage. The master of the Globe Theatre might have their coin in exchange for his catering to their tastes, but that did not make him comrade or *cher ami* or gentleman of worship. It was vulgar to be conspicuous, at least among mixed gatherings, at so early an hour, when many men were yet sober. When the chimes rang at midnight—then, indeed—among cronies only, one might sing catches, and howl the sun up an hour before his wonted time. But to raise one's voice in catch or stave at but seven or maybe an half hour after, was plebeian as yet, in London.

But now the oak swung again, and another gentleman entered. Unlike the spare Shakespeare, this new-comer was portly of build and puffy of cheek and double of chin; he wore his beard full and his hair long, but he had much the same cast of feature as Shakespeare, except that his visage, instead of being sallow, was florid and of the hue that proclaims the honest beef-eater. He also had left off his great boots and was dressed exactly as Shakespeare, except that his vesture was everywhere shabby white at the knees and elbows and frayed as

to the sleeve-cuffs. But in the welcome he received the contrast was extreme. As he entered many rose, and many not rising held their cups aloft. "Ah, Ben Jonson. Welcome, Ben Jonson. Ben Jonson, Ben Jonson, come in, come in. The night has waned but sadly without thee. A seat—take mine, take mine, sir!"

But instead of joining any one of the groups where he would have been more than welcome, Jonson pressed through the sitters who wooed him in vain, to where Shakespeare and Drayton sat, and although neither of these two either rose or lifted cups, but rather kept their faces averted, he drew himself up before them and called each by name:

"An' I may, I'll join you worshipfuls," he said. "Surely I vouch 'it is a judgment marred and most imperfect'—I quote from your *Othello* of this evening's rendition—that denies me of your company to-night. Let me, I pray you, share in the reckoning."

Master Michael Drayton bit his lip and took little pains to conceal his annoyance. Shakespeare, however, replied but carelessly, "Join us, if so it please thee. But join in the reckoning! That I doubt thou canst, unless thou art better provided than at our last revel. Here," and he took from his belt a pellet of crumpled papers and roughly opened them upon the table, "canst redeem these? For an' thou canst, I will pay for thy aqua vitæ. Here, varlet"—this to a servingman—"a thimbleful of strong water for Master Jonson, and again portions of metheglin for our empty cups."

Drayton, who had not made the slightest sign of recognition at Ben Jonson's approach, looked up to see how he would receive Shakespeare's insult, whether with a blow or a cringe. "Poor devil!" he muttered when he saw him swallow not only Shakespeare's words but the drink for which he had paid.

After finishing the brandy at a gulp, Jonson laid one hand, not over clean be it confessed, upon the I. O. U.'s, and extending the other towards Shakespeare, said: "These and many another, and no small coin of the realm, mayst thou hand over to me, Master William Shakespeare—ay, to me who made thee and is not too proud of his cunning. If thou wilt be graciously pleased to make up my account for the two plays thou hadst of me—thou playedst them, dost remember? more than sixty times—and never a penny for the author's usance have I received yet at thy hands."

"Nay, touch not the notes of hand, friend Ben," responded Shakespeare. "Say not either before this gentleman that I render not to every man his due. Mark me," and he drew from his wallet a small memorandum-book bound in pigskin, and after fumbling a moment among its leaves laid the book before him with his finger at an entry he had found. Then slowly he read as follows:

"Item: Every Man in His Humour. Paid Henslowe one pound,

eighteen shillings, six and one half pence and one groat to take up divers notes of hand of Master Jonson, it being understood that said Jonson consenteth to this payment for his peace and acquittal of said Henslowe for money borrowed, and said Shakespeare to have the use and pleasure of said play. (Memorandum: the above paid in mill sixpences.) Item: Every Man Out of His Humour. Paid Master E. Alleyn one pound, two and one-half shillings to take up divers notes of hand of Master B. Jonson, it being understood that said Jonson consenteth to this payment as for his acquittal of said Alleyn for divers sums of money borrowed, and said Shakespeare to have the profit of said play. In wording something unlike, but the tenor the same!"

"God only knows what thou hast writ there, honest William," retorted Jonson, "for the devil not himself can read thy horrid caligraphy. However, thou hast paid for my drink and shalt pay for the like to-night again; and I am glad to hear you state in presence of worshipful Master Drayton here that I owe nothing to that shark Henslowe or that cormorant and devourer of widows' houses Alleyn. And now another cup of aqua vitæ and I will take myself away, for two's company as the saying is."

To tell the truth, Drayton was not a little disappointed to see a quarrel averted by Jonson's soft answer. He had hoped that Jonson's well-known jealousy of Shakespeare and Shakespeare's equally well-known infirmity of temper would have developed a pretty one, and given him, Drayton, an opportunity to curry favor with Shakespeare by espousing his side of the affair. But he was still more disappointed when Shakespeare swept the I. O. U.'s over to Ben's side of the table, saying, "In truth I sometimes think I love thee, Ben; here, take these, and a gold piece with them. I am more beholden to thee than that. Nay, no thanks. Wast at the Globe but now?"

"Truly I was," said Ben, "and I know not whether to be amused or angered at the scant courtesy those louts of Germans did to thy *Othello*. Lowin never did play better than this night, and Augustine Phillips, his Iago, was at the top of his talent, and in all else was the play fitted. And yet there the addle-brained Germans sat, mumbling to each other, or asleep or eating cheese and paying no heed at all to the best that your actors could do. Kempe could not make them laugh, nor Taylor make them cry, albeit his Desdemona was as tender as maid should be."

"But their purseman paid the Globe well for their seats, Ben, and that is what I look at first. For the children must wear shoon and I lay by naught by my tilling. However, I must be at St. Helen's Place betimes to-night, for to-morrow I go to Stratford to see the goodwife and those same children."

"They say the knights of the road are in great numbers, waxing so bold that they take purses at our very gates; so be wary, dear

Shakespeare," interrupted Drayton, to whom the prospect of the ample closes of New Place, where he had full license to come and go, was refreshing beside the smoky garret which was his London habitat.

"Fear not for me, friend Drayton," responded Shakespeare. "It is not my wont to take hazards at aught. I burn daylight only, making my journey between sunrise and evensong, and lie at my friend John Davenant's in Oxford, in the which city he hath an hostlerie the report whereof cannot have escaped thee—"

"And a pretty wife, they tell me, whose report also speedeth—"

"I' faith as to that," said Shakespeare, smiling and shrugging his shoulders, "there are pretty wives eno' hereabouts."

"Of the which no man can better warrant us," said Drayton.

CHARLES FALKNER, JR.

(*To be continued.*)

# "AMERICAN SPELLING."

MR. BRANDER MATTHEWS, in his article on "American Spelling,"\* quotes the following from Prof. Lounsbury: "In the sixteenth and in the first half of the seventeenth century, while both ways of writing these words existed side by side, the termination *er* is far more common than that in *re*. The first complete edition of Shakespeare's plays was published in 1623. In that work *sepulcher* occurs thirteen times; it is spelled eleven times with *er*. *Scepter* occurs thirty-seven times; it is not once spelled with *re*, but always with *er*. *Center* occurs twelve times, and in nine instances out of the twelve it ends in *er*." Mr. Matthews then adds: "So we see that this so-called 'American spelling' is fully warranted by the history of the English language. . . . Of course it is idle to kick against the pricks of progress, and no doubt in due season Great Britain and her colonial dependencies will be content again to spell words that end in *er* as Shakespeare and Ben Jonson and Spenser spelt them."

Both of these eminent scholars, I think, err when they base conclusions as to "American spelling" on the orthography of the First Folio edition of Shakespeare's plays. The following facts prove the correctness of my opinion:

I. The spelling of the First Folio is purely empirical. No uniform method is followed. In the same copy a word is frequently spelled one way in one line and a different way in a succeeding line, e.g.:

\* *Harper's Magazine*, July, 1892, pp. 280-281. *Americanisms and Briticisms*, pp. 45-46.

"they ride vp & downe on *her*, and make *hir* their *Boots*. What, the Commonwealth their *Bootes*? *seq.*"\*

"If I trauell but foure *foot* by the squire further a *foote*, *seq.*"†

These examples, which might be multiplied almost indefinitely, are sufficient. The description which Benedick gives of Claudio applies equally well to the orthography of the First Folio: "his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes."

II. Different copies of the First Folio vary from each other in orthography as in other respects. Malone gives a list of variations in several copies, to which the reader is referred.‡ On this subject the Cambridge editors write: § "As was the case with most books of that time, different copies of the First Folio are found to vary here and there; generally, however, in a single letter only. It is probable that no one copy exactly corresponds with any other copy."

III. Many of the plays in the First Folio were printed from copies of earlier Quartos. The editors and printers of the Folio did not follow accurately the spelling of the Quartos. In *Hamlet* (IV. i., 13) the very common word *been* occurs twice in a single verse. I quote from Folio 1:

"It had *bin* so with vs, had we *beene* there."

In the Quartos and Folios of this play this word appears as follows: *bin* is spelled *been*, in Quartos 1, 6; Folios 3, 4. *beene*, in Quartos, 2, 3, 4, 5. *bin*, in Folio 1. *bine*, in Folio 2. *beene* is spelled *been* in Quartos 1, 2, 3, 6; Folios 3, 4. *beene*, in Quarto 4; Folios 1, 2. *bin*, in Quarto 5.

For almost innumerable examples of a similar kind the reader is referred to the Cambridge edition.

IV. Even if the orthography of the First Folio was uniform and followed accurately that of the Quartos the inference would not follow that it was Shakespeare's spelling. Any one familiar with the history of the Stationer's Company and the art of printing in London in the early part of the seventeenth century will acknowledge the correctness of this statement. The history of the First Folio itself will add further confirmation. It is impossible in a brief note like this to go into these matters in detail. I cannot do more than state the fact, and reinforce my opinion with that of two scholars, whose learning in the realm of Elizabethan literature is universally conceded. The editors of the Cambridge Shakespeare say: ¶ "It was not without much consideration that we determined to adopt the spelling of the nineteenth century. If we had any evidence as to Shakespeare's own spelling, we should have been strongly inclined to adopt it, but to at-

\* *I. Henry IV.*, II., i., 90-91, Folio 1.

† *Idem.*, II., ii., 2-12.

‡ Edition, 1821, vol. XXI., pp. 449-450.

§ Edition, 1863, vol. I., Preface, p. xxvi.

¶ *Idem.*, Preface, p. xv.



tempt to reproduce it by operating by rule upon the texts that have come down to us would be subjecting Shakespeare's English to arbitrary laws, of which it never yet was conscious. This argues no want of education on the part of Shakespeare; for if Lord Bacon himself had rules for spelling they were but few, as we may easily perceive by inspection of his works published under his own eye," *seq.* Craik in his *English of Shakespeare*\* writes: "The spelling (of the plays) has been reduced to the modern standard. The original spelling is certainly no part of the composition. There is no reason to believe that it is even Shakespeare's own spelling. In all probability it is merely that of the person who set up the types. Spenser may be suspected to have had some peculiar notions upon the subject of orthography; but, apparently, it was not a matter about which Shakespeare troubled himself."

V. Another consideration which leads to the same conclusion is the fact that at the time the First Folio was printed the English language was in a transitional, a formative state. New words were being coined to express new thoughts, to describe new discoveries. The revival of classical studies led to the introduction of many words from the Greek and Latin. The English language, like the English people, is composite. The result was an utter lack of uniformity, both as to syntax and orthography. "Elizabethan English," says Dr. Abbott,† "on a superficial view, appears to present this great point of difference from the English of modern times, that in the former any irregularities whatever, whether in the formation of words, or in the combination of words into sentences, are allowable."

VI. Further, the art of printing was not as prevalent in the beginning of the seventeenth century as now, and consequently the influence of spoken as compared with written English was much greater then than now. One effect of this was great variation in orthography. "The spoken English so far predominated over the grammatical English that it materially influenced the rhythm of the verse, . . . the construction of the sentence, and even sometimes the spelling of words."‡ The spelling of Shakespeare's name is a case in point. It is found in twenty-five different forms in "writings of nearly the poet's own age."§

I express no opinion as to the correctness or incorrectness of the conclusion reached by Mr. Matthews and Prof. Lounsbury. I simply criticise their method of reaching that conclusion. It is with the manner, not the matter of their speech, I take issue. No theory as to the orthography of the English language can be based on the spelling of

\* *Prolegomena*, p. 26.

† *A Shakespearian Grammar*, Intro., p. 5.

‡ Abbott, *A Shakespearian Grammar*, Intro., p. 16.

§ Allibone, *Dictionary of Authors*, vol. II., p. 2



the First Folio. Who accepts that as a guide is simply following a will-o'-the-wisp, and runs great risk of being led into an orthographical quagmire.

WM. H. FLEMING.

### SHAKESPEARE A GENTLEMAN.

THAT, in Shakespeare's day, the word "gentle" meant of gentle birth, and has no reference to manner or disposition, is a simple enough truth. And yet I must declare that, earlier than Appleton Morgan's *The Shakespearian Myth*, I cannot find it mentioned as arguing that when William Shakespeare's fellows called him "the gentle Shakespeare," they were characterizing his claim to, or assertion of a gentle birth, such as none of them possessed. Mr. Morgan has strenuously, in *The Myth*, and I think since, urged that there was no historical trace of any Shakespeare-Southampton friendship: that the peer of the realm and the provincial butcher's son were not bosom friends, though the peasant dedicated his poems (not at all an unusual thing to do in those days) to Southampton, and although a manager of a theatre might have tendered more than one sort of acceptable service to the noble lord: that the story has begun to disappear as have disappeared the stories of King James's letter, Queen Elizabeth's glove, etcetera, all of which, as lately as twenty-five years ago, were in all the school-books. But although Mr. Morgan's claim was true, and although Shakespeare's purchase of a grant of arms for his father rather than for himself ("a transaction," as Mr. Morgan says, "by which he obtained not only a coat of arms, but a whole generation of ancestry") was, as will appear, a most gratuitous piece of invention, yet I wish to call attention to the fact that Shakespeare's claim to gentle birth—however his jealous fellows may have jeered at him and it—was well founded, and that in spite of any efforts to make it of record from a false source, it was, from a true source, a truth. In short, that Shakespeare was a gentleman by birth. But first as to the grant of the coat of arms. As is often the case with spurious matter, the very mechanical aspect of the patent itself is false upon its face. Here is, for example, a *fac-simile* of the first draft of the proposed grant:

Non fanz droict. Shakefpere 1596. To all and finguler noble and gentill men of what eftate or degree bearing arms to whom thefe prefentes fhall come. William Dethick, alias Garter, principall king of arms, fendethe greetinges: Know yee that whereas by the authorite

and auncyente <sup>pryvelege and | pertheyning to</sup> custom <sup>of principall King of Arms</sup> my faid office the Quenes moft exc. majefte,  
 and her highnefs most noble and victorious projenitors, I am to take  
 generall notice and record, and to make publique demonftracion and  
 teftimonie, for all caufes of arms <sup>and matters of</sup> gentrie throughe out all her Majeftes  
 Kingdoms and dominions, principalities, ifles and provinces, to thend  
 that . . . . as fome by theyre auncient names, famelies,  
 kyndredes and defcentes, have and enjoye fonderie enfoignes and  
 - - - - of arms, so other for theyre valiant factes, magnanimities,  
 vertue, dignities and descertes, may have fuch markes and tokens of  
 honor and worthineffe, whereby theyr name and good fame fhall be  
 - - - - and divulged, and theyre <sup>in all vertue to the fervice of theyre prince and contrie</sup> children and pofterite. Being  
<sup>therefore</sup> folicted and - - - credible report <sup>that</sup> informed John Shakespeare of  
 Stratford uppon-Avon in the counte of Warwick, <sup>parents and late</sup> whose anteceftors  
 were for theyre valient and faithfull fervice advaunced and rewarded  
 by the moft pruden prince King Henry the Seventh of famous  
 memorie, fythence which time <sup>at thofe partes</sup> continued in good reputacion and  
 credit,

and that the faid John having maryed Mary, daughter and one of the heyres of Robert Arden of Wilmcote, in the faid  
 counte, gent.

In confideration whereof, and for the encouragement of his  
 pofteritie,

to whom theyfe achievements maie defend by the  
 auncient custom and lawes of armes,

and by thefe presents confirmed

I have therefore afigned, graunted, this Shield or cote of arms,

viz gould on a bend fable a fpear of the

the poynt fteeled, proper

firft, and for his crest or cognizance, a faul-

his wings displayed argent

con, ftanding on a wreath of his collors, fup-

porting a fpeare gould fteeled fett uppon a

helmet with mantelles and tafells as more

plainly appeareth depicted on this margent.

Signefieng hereby that it fhall be lawfull for

the faid John Shakespeare, gent. and for

his children, yssue and pofterite to beare



the <sup>blazon atchevement</sup> fame <sup>Λ</sup> on <sup>cote of arms, creakt, cognizance or</sup> shield or <sup>Λ</sup> escutcheons, <sup>penons, guydons, edefices, utenfiles, lyveries, tombs or monumentes</sup> feales, rings fignettes,  
 or otherwise, at all times in all lawful warrlyke factes or civile ufe  
 and <sup>Λ</sup> exercife without lett or interruption of <sup>other</sup> any perfon or perfons.

Yn witness whereof, I have hereunto subfcribed my name, and  
 faftened the feale of my office endorzed with the fignett of my arms, at  
 the Office of Arms, London, the XXte daye of October, in the  
 XXXIXte yeare of the reigne of our Sovereigne Lady Elizabeth, by  
 the grace of God, Quene of England, France and Ireland, Defender  
 of the Faithe, &c., 1596.

We observe in the first place that even the number of the regnal year is false. And again that the interlineations (being except one of them of merely formal matters of verbiage, such as would come as of course to the writer's mind) reveal haste and incertitude. For it is impossible to suppose that Mr. Dethick, the Garter King at Arms, should have been all of a sudden so unfamiliar with the jargon of his trade, that he had repeated over and over again for a lifetime, that he should forget to say "pryvelige," or "pertaining to," or "matters of." Again: on comparing this grant of arms with others—with every other we had almost said—the broad and bald and general assertion that Shakespeare's ancestors had been ennobled by Henry the Seventh, is in itself almost a presentation of the falsity of the case: the mere assertion, without recitement of date, occasion, incident or nature being remarkable in its suggestiveness. And, in fact, its suggestiveness appears to have been so emphatic that the revision three years later was quite a necessity. And lastly, although much stress cannot be laid on a lack of uniformity, the very description of the arms might be said to be unusual. It is a canon of heraldic language that it shall be as terse and stenographic as possible; that there shall be no repetition or surplusage; and yet the phrase "*steeld proper*" where "*proper*" was clearly the only word necessary, and the phonetic "*gould*" instead of the heraldic *or* seems out of place in a grant from the Herald's College. But, as we have said, this might not be as cogent as it is apparent.

And yet, in spite of this attempt to ennoble the name of Shakespeare, the dramatist was of good birth and a gentleman, and by virtue of the one interlineation not formal and perfunctory, was entitled—not like Adam, according to the first gravedigger, because he digged, but by right of parentage from his mother, who was a daughter of Robert Arden, Esq.—a gentleman and a land-owner. But beyond this, Mrs. C. C. Stopes, who appears to have lately taken up her abode in or near Stratford-upon-Avon, determined to unearth something more than has

as yet been dug up, writes a curious letter to *The Athenæum*, in which, assuming (and we pardon the assumption because, in this case, it leads to something) that the word "parents" in the grant of arms was "used probably in the French sense of relatives," she says:

"Very few registers now exist dating from Thomas Cromwell's Injunction of October 11, 1538, that 'Register books be kept of weddings, christenings, and burials, and for safe keeping thereof, the parish to finde a chest with two lockes and two keyes.' Among the few, however, is that of St. Margaret's, Westminster, and one of its earliest 'burials' is that of 'William Shakespeare, 30th April, 1539.' A comparatively modern hand has added the foolish note, 'Query. If this be the poet or not?' This William Shakespeare might have been a poet, as he might have been anything else. But no records have turned up as yet regarding his life, and nothing about his death but that he was buried in Westminster. That makes it possible that he may have been in some way connected with the Court (in 28 Henry VIII. [1537] Thomas, Richard, and William Shakespeare were mentioned as in the king's service, says French in '*Genealogica Shakespeareana*'), and may have been father or brother of that Roger Shakespeare, Yeoman of the Chamber to King Edward VI., who, on June 9, 1552, shared with his fellows Abraham Longwel and Thomas Best a forfeit of £36 10s. (see *State Papers, Domestic Series, Edward VI.*, volume XIV., Public Record Office). He may also—for the name was not common—have been father to 'Thomas Shaxpere, formerly minister of Colebray, in the parish of St. Mildred's, in the ward of Bread Street, London,' who on the 1st of September, 2 Edward VI., received a patent for 'one hundred shillings per annum of legal money of England.' The patent was signed 'Duke' (see *Auditor's Patent Books*, volume VI., 1538-1553, Public Record Office). The will of this Sir Thomas Shakyspere, clerk, was entered at Somerset House, 22d of August, 1559 (see 40 Chaynay). The chief legacies are the following:

"I, Sir Thomas Shakyspere, Clark, in full possession of, &c.—give to Anne Wyllson, her dettes being paid, 10*l.* to begin the world again. To Tommasin Cooke my sister, 5*l.* To my sister Grace, wife of Richard Storeton, 5*l.* To my sister Jone Shackspere 5*l.* To Sir Albon Dolman my best gowne and my books, to *praie for my soul.* To the poor of St. Bartholomew my fether-bed. To Sir William Berry of Pynner 6/8, or my second gowne. And the residue of my goods, after my legacies be paid, to the poor.'

"John Mersh the elder of London, mercer, was appointed executor, and William Hustwayte overseer. The will was proved by these men on the 29th of August, 1559, so that it must have been made on the death-bed of the old priest. He was evidently one of the pensioned priests of the dispossessed Church, and that he remained Roman Catholic *seems* to be proved in his request to his fellow-priest Sir Albon Dolman 'to pray for his soul.' It *seems* so, but this is not certain, for Henry VIII. makes the same request in his will, after throwing off the yoke and creed of the Roman Church.

"Though there is no absolute proof, there seems every probability that our Sir Thomas Shakyspere was the Sir Thomas Schaftespere who is mentioned in the will of Joan Jons, relict of John Jons, otherwise Morgan, late of Bristol, brewer. Among other bequests she leaves

'To my Curate Sir Thomas Schaftespere . . . uni collitegiu de veluet cum laqueo cerico.' This Sir Thomas Schaftespere was one of the witnesses to Joan Jons's will, which was proved on Friday, December 17, 17 Henry VIII., in Bristol, having been previously proved at Lambeth.

"The same 'curate' is mentioned in several Bristol wills registered at Somerset House, and his name is variously spelt Schaftespere, Shafftesper, and Shakespeir (see notes or abstracts of the wills contained in the volume entitled *The Great Orphan Book and Book of Wills in the Council House at Bristol*, by the Rev. J. P. Wadley, Rector of Naunton Beauchamp, 1886). A translation to London would be all the more possible to him if he had friends there of any interest or power. Of his three sisters, one was single and still bore the name Jone Shackspere. The variations in the name give only stronger proof of the extreme uncertainty of spelling, which, based upon the phonetic principles of the time, depended upon the hearer's rendering of the colloquial pronunciation of proper names. If these various entries really represented the same man, he must have been about eighty at the time of his death. Another of the name appears in the accounts of the Treasurer of the Chamber (Public Record Office), 'Payd to Thomas Shakespeare, Messenger, 60/, 12<sup>th</sup> December, 1572.' Nothing further regarding him has as yet turned up. But scattered fragments of facts may, by various workers, be pieced together into the mosaic of history, and thus prove the importance of recording trifles."

Thus traces in English records are not wanting of a family of Shakespeare, even before the dramatist's own days. Nor need we be driven, as some have been, to find in the name the phonetic of the French John Peter—Jacques-Pierre—or to the unsavory entry of the fine for allowing a cesspool to accumulate in front of the door of another of the name, as Dr. Halliwell-Phillipps has chronicled.

The occurrence of the name Morgan in the above, and the fact that the name is used in *Cymbeline*, the coincidence of one of Shakespeare's sisters having also been named Joan, the always kindly reference to Welshmen in the plays—to Sir Hugh Evans in the *Merry Wives* and Fluellen (certainly phonetic for Llewelyn), however their foibles may be emphasized—these have led to the supposition that possibly Shakespeare may have had more than a superficial knowledge of Wales and of Welshmen. If the case of old Belarius ("myself Belarius that am Morgan called,"—*Cymbeline*, III., iii., 106) was, as is stated in the play, on the high road from Bristol to Milford Haven; its possible site was the hill region known as Caermarthen, of which we give a modern view in our frontispiece; and as it was in this hillside town the family of Morgan originated, the use of that Cymric derivative as a surname for old Belarius was extremely appropriate.

ALFRED STETSON.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

[96] PHASES OF THOUGHT AND CRITICISM. By Brother Azarias, of the Brothers of the Christian Schools. Cloth, pp. 273. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

[97] OLD SHRINES AND IVY: By William Winter. Cloth, 16mo, pp. 296. New York: Macmillan & Co.

[98] FRANCIS BACON: POET, PROPHET, PHILOSOPHER, *versus* PHANTOM CAPTAIN SHAKESPEARE, THE ROSICRUCIAN MASK. By W. C. F. Wigston. Cloth, 8vo, pp. 436. Chicago: F. J. Schulte & Co.

[99] THE COLUMBUS OF LITERATURE; OR, BACON'S NEW WORLD OF SCIENCES. By W. F. C. Wigston. Cloth, 8vo, pp. 217. Chicago: F. J. Schulte & Co.

[100] TYPICAL TALES OF FANCY, ROMANCE AND HISTORY, FROM SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS. In narrative form, largely in Shakespeare's words, with dialogue passages in the original dramatic text. Edited by Robert B. Raymond, A.M., late Principal of the Boston School of Oratory, etc. Cloth, sq. 8vo, pp. 224. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert.

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#### BOOKS REVIEWED.

[96] Brother Azarias has presented to his readers in this beautiful book, eleven well-indexed essays on "The Fourfold Activity of the Soul," "Thinking," "Emerson and Newman as Types," "The Principle of Thought," "Literary and Scientific Habits of Thought," "Culture of the Spiritual Sense," "Spiritual Sense of the *Imitation*," (*i.e.*, Thomas à Kempis' *De Imitatione*), "Spiritual Sense of the *Divina Commedia*" and the "Spiritual Sense of *In Memoriam*."

And we commend these essays to our readers as a new view of much of that which, from other standpoints, has been quite sufficiently exploited. The three essays on "Thinking," "The Principle of Thought" and "Literary and Scientific Habits of Thought" are extremely abstruse and able, and the paper on "The Culture of the Spiritual Sense," of which the keynote is Herbert Spencer's dictum that "by continually seeking to know and being continually thrown back with a deepened conviction of the impossibility of knowing, we may keep alive the consciousness that it is alike our highest wisdom and our highest duty to regard that through which all things exist as the unknowable," is a calling to halt of the independent stridings of the know everything which, like St. Paul at Athens, finds in an inadvertence of his scoffing audience the very text to confound them. For purely literary workmanship the essays on the "Divine Comedy"



and the "In Memoriam" are of capital quality, and the essay on "Thomas à Kempis" is noble, reverent, and of absorbing interest.

[98] [99] Except the "Phantom Captain" in its title (which is a sort of tampering with the witness before his examination), we are inclined to think that the present improved edition of Mr. Wigston's book is a distinct reinforcement to the Bacon case, which if it is to be argued, ought to be argued to the bottom. The fact that Shakespeare's historical series, beginning with *King John* and thence running through *Richard II.*, the 1 and 2 *Henry IV.*, the *Henry V.*, the 3 *Henry VI.* and the *Richard III.*, all lap each other—end with the accession of Henry VII., and then drop out of sight until it begins again with the *Henry VIII.*—and the further fact that Bacon's "History of Henry VII." laps on one side upon *Richard III.* and on the other on the *Henry VIII.*, is certainly remarkable. It looks indeed like—and we think it is a fair argument that it may be—a *sic vos non vobis* left over to be filled up by whom it may concern, and finally to be completed by the right man. For the rest, we understand Mr. Wigston's argument to be this: (a) Bacon was a Rosicrucian; (b) the Rosicrucians wrote all their works under false names; (c) what Bacon wrote under his own name is always to the same effect as what Shakespeare wrote—i.e., the same figures, analogies, tropes, figures, examples and even errors. This is a logical argument up to this point, and proves itself; but when it goes further, it fails, in our opinion, most miserably. For (admitting that all the stuff the Rosicrucians wrote was rubbish and pretentious masses of inutility; that they were not, as a rule, learned men, though they had acquired a good deal of pretentious sapience mixed with a lot of indigestible theories of no particular importance either way, and, above all, had no secrets worth the telling); Shakespeare's plays are impersonal, and what one character in the dialogue asserts another denies; so there is nothing particular "taught" by a Shakespeare play. So either Bacon was a bad Rosicrucian or else he did not write the plays. But, without discussing it further, we must admit that Mr. Wigston has at last given us an intelligible argument worthy of candid refutation. We must, however, say in all candor that this book is written not for the propaganda but for the penetralia. It will strengthen the already cock-sure Baconian, but it will not make converts. What is needed is a primer of Baconianism, like the hundreds of primers of Shakespeariana. Mr. Wigston is far too abstruse. And even to the convert—to the really convinced Baconian—there is much in Mr. Wigston's writings which will repel. For, to acquiesce in them, one must believe that there is a cipher in the Heminges and Condell impressions of Shakespeare's Collected Folio of 1623, and (as we understand it is claimed) in all the others; and he must be willing to accept the parallelisms which Mrs. Pott and others have detected. These, as we have already said so often and often, are quite too attenuated for the mind not already attuned to the finest strains. They consist largely of quotations of the same Latin or Greek phrase, or even of the mention of the same classical character, in the two authors. Even Mrs. Pott's "turns of speech" were more cogent to the outsider than all these. We wish Mr. Wigston or Mrs. Pott or somebody would condescend to demonstrate wherein these "parallelisms" are peculiar to a comparison of the Bacon and Shakespeare texts. To our coarse perceptions they could be collected by the bushel from the texts of any two other authors, in the Elizabethan or



Jacobean or any other cycle. We have never been among those who pooh-pooh the whole Baconian claim. We have always urged that it be treated seriously whenever circumstantial evidence could be cited; as, for example, the history of Henry VII. in Bacon and the absence of the history of that monarch in the plays. But the reading world—as has sufficiently appeared in the last ten years—requires a great deal of this circumstantial evidence, and to have it placed before them with extreme succinctness. If they can only get it in dribblets few and far between, and then involved in all sorts of finical inner-brotherhood sophistication, the dear public will have none of it.

[100] This, for certain reasons which have been obvious enough to those who have endeavored to use Lamb's tales from Shakespeare with the children of this generation, is a better book than Lamb's for the purpose. It is very skilfully done, too. To tell the story and bring in the Shakespeare dialogue dominantly so as to at once entertain the child and accustom him to the diction of Shakespeare, required no mean talents in the *redacteur* (we had almost said the translator). The book is attractively gotten up and the selection of pictures—many of which are from the notorious "Leopold" edition (of which the pictorial was the only part worthy of the slightest respect) and many of which we do not remember to have seen before—is admirable altogether.

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MISCELLANY.

THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY OF NEW YORK.—I, Albert Frey, the teller appointed at the special election of the Society, duly called to be held at Hamilton Hall, Columbia College, in the city of New York, on the fifth day of January, 1893, do hereby report that the following officers were elected, viz.: Albert R. Frey, Recording Secretary; Will. O. Bates, Assistant Recording Secretary; and that George Livingston Baker was elected a Trustee, in the place of W. W. Nevins, resigned. All of the above to hold office until the next ensuing general election of the Society in April, 1895.

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CONCERNING the great concordance which is awaited with so much impatience, Mr. John Bartlett writes us under date of July 11, 1892: "I have again revised my MSS. by the editor's latest readings. Mr. Wright has furnished me with a list of all the changes which have been silently made in the Globe text from its first printing, and those which are to be made in the Cambridge. Besides this, I have for the third time, re-stereotyped the letter A. The page has been slightly enlarged and line numbers added."

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"A MAN'S LAST BUT NOT HIS PERPETUAL HOME.—In an English case reported in 3 Phillimore there is a curious discussion as to how long a deceased person might be entitled to his grave. The

question came up on the refusal of the authorities of a cemetery in London to permit bodies to be buried in iron coffins (just then introduced); their objection being that these receptacles were so much more imperishable than wood as to delay decomposition, and since the ground could not be used over again until the bodies had thoroughly become dust, it was not policy to encourage the use of caskets that would so materially prolong decay. The court admitted the justice of the contention, and decided that such coffins should pay a higher burial fee because of the longer occupancy of the ground which might fairly be assumed. The learned justice said that while the grave was man's last home, it was not his eternal home, unless it could be assumed that the man was imperishable. The common cemetery is not the exclusive property of the generation that happens to be buried there, but is likewise the property of the present generation and of those which are to come. The dead can claim it, therefore, as theirs only temporarily. When they have become dust they must yield to others; otherwise the dead would in time crowd out the living."

This is precisely the point in the case of Shakespeare's grave which led a correspondent to urge that the tomb of Shakespeare be reverently entered and whatever was found there be carefully preserved. See the whole question competently and exhaustively discussed in volume I. of this magazine.

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MOST of the items in Rolfe's SHAKESPEARIANA commence: "A friend writes me," "a friend of mine who is a good Shakespeare scholar," "a valued friend says," or "inquires," or "writes" (as the case may be). What Rolfe's friends say or write may be a trifle more valuable than what Rolfe himself says or writes, but not much. The wonder is that *The Critic*, which gives us every year a page of press notices to the effect that it is the American *Athenæum*, should print all this slops and possibly pay Rolfe for collecting it. If anything sillier, or more ineffably puerile or more drivelling than the stuff which Dr. Rolfe says his "friends" send him, and which he prints in his "Department of Shakespeariana" in *The Critic*, has ever been connected with the name of Bloodgood H. Cutler, or the Sweet Singer of Michigan—not to aspire to connection with Shakespeare—we have ransacked our daily newspapers and libraries in vain. "Which is the most read play?" "How many characters in the play have names commencing with G?" "What terms or expressions in the plays might be used while playing whist?" [such as "I'll mark the play, *Ham.*, III., 3," (*sic*); "Our forefathers had no other books but the score and the tally (2 *Hen.*, VI., IV., 7)," (in case, we suppose, conversation was allowed while engaged in the rigor of the game!), and so on, are a few of the most learned of them.] This sort of stuff is allowed to dribble along in our esteemed contemporary's columns much as if it were a Go-Bang Department (and we respectfully suggest, if such a department is contemplated by *The Critic*, that Dr. Rolfe be employed to edit it) without attracting much attention. But occasionally even these heights of silliness are overtopped, and a reader of the *The Critic* itself is moved to call the editor's attention to it. For example, in late issues Rolfe prints the following:

"*Young Scamels from the Rock*.—Dr. Furnivall writes me that it

is at last found out what *scamels* are. He says that 'young bar-tailed godwits are, in autumn, called *scamels* on the north coast of Norfolk.' It is curious that the fact did not get into print sooner. Let us hope, however, that these be the very *scamels* of Prospero's Island, and that one more Shakespearian *crux* is happily disposed of."

This appears to have been too much for a reader of *The Critic*, who writes to that journal's other columns that the item about which Rolfe and Furnivall are suffused with the glee and glow of discovery is at least thirteen years old: that in the ninth edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* (1879) it is stated that "one of the local names by which the bar-tailed godwit is known to the Norfolk gunners is scamell—a word which, in the mouth of Caliban (*Tempest*, act II., scene 2), has been the cause of much perplexity to Shakespearian critics."

Except that Dr. Rolfe and his English double, Furnivall, are no longer young, one would be tempted to claim them as "young bob-tailed (or bar-tailed) godwits" themselves. This bar-tailed godwit episode, by the way, reminds us of one of Rolfe's notes to the Induction to the *Taming of the Shrew*, line 10, to be found on page 125 of Rolfe's (Friendly) edition (Harpers, New York), viz.: "*Go, by Saint Jeronimo, go to thy cold bed and warm thee.*" Mr. J. Crosby thinks that Sly, often hearing the phrase, 'go by Jeronimy,' thought that the *by* meant an oath, and he intended to say 'by Saint Jerome,' and wanting to *swear* at the hostess anyway, he got it all mixed up"—in which Rolfe (the italics are his, by the way) entirely overlooks the only possible questions which so abstruse an annotation would awaken, viz.: Who is Mr. J. Crosby? and why does he "think"?

It should be added, however, that *The Critic* does occasionally print Shakespearian matter of value—though not in the Rolfe column. We note an intelligent discussion of the prices of some recently sold First Folios (matter always notable for Shakespeare students), and a couple of interesting letters, from which we quote as follows:

"I think I have found—or rather Dr. Samuel A. Green has found—a copy of the first publication in America of plays of Shakespeare. In the Library of the Massachusetts Historical Society is an old volume of bound plays labelled on the cover 'The property of Dudley Leavitt Pickman; the wicked borrow and return not.' The title-page of the first play in the book reads *Twelfth Night, or What You Will; a comedy in five acts, written by William Shakespeare; as performed at the theatre in Boston; with notes, critical and illustrative; Boston, printed for David West, number 36 Marlboro street, and John West, number 75 Cornhill.* The other plays are *Hamlet*, Cumberland's *Natural Son* and *West Indian*, and Moore's *Foundling*. No date of publication is given with any play, but the casts of several are printed."

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"Another volume in the Massachusetts Historical Library ought, perhaps, to be mentioned as a companion in point of Shakespearian interest with that which I described last week. It probably contains the first allusion to Shakespeare's work known in American literature, and it has an additional interest from the fact that that allusion may have been written by Benjamin Franklin. As the original settlers of New England abhorred playwrights and looked upon the stage as the work of the devil, even the name of the master dramatist would not often

be on their lips. When *The New England Courant* was started in November, 1721, only three newspapers had preceded it in America, so that there had been little opportunity for the printed mention of Shakespeare, even had the early writers been so inclined. The *Courant* was started by James Franklin, brother of Benjamin. The publisher, however, soon had trouble with the civic authorities on account of some statement he had made in his paper, and was thrown into prison. Having been forbidden to continue the publication after his release, he evaded the order by having the name of his younger brother, Benjamin, placed on the first page as publisher. Ben Franklin was then only seventeen years old, and had been an apprentice in the office. Every one recalls the story which Franklin himself tells of his original contributions slipped secretly under the door at night, and published as valuable articles supposed to have been written by some veteran writer. It is entirely possible, therefore, that the allusion to Shakespeare, made in the issue of July 2, 1722, came from his pen. The article takes the form of a pleasant editorial chat, and closes with a list of books which the writer considers of 'best advantage' to him. Since so many eminent people have recently written their lists of favorite or 'best' books, readers may be interested in seeing this list, prepared 170 years ago:

"Pliny's Natural History, Aristotle's Politicks, Roman History, Athenian Oracle, Sum of Christian Theology, Cotton Mather's History of New England, Oldmixon's History of American Colonies, Burnet's History of the Reformation, Virgil, Milton, The Guardian, Art of Thinking, The Reader, Cowley's Works, The Ladies' Pacquet, Broken Open, History of the Affairs of Europe, The Tale of a Tub, Josephus Aut, History of France, Her. Moll's Geography, British Apollo, Heylin's Cosmography, Sandy's Travels, Du Bartas, Theory of the Earth, Hudibras, The Spectator, The Turkish Spy, Art of Speaking, The Lover, Oldham's Works, The Ladies' Calling, Shakespeare's Works, St. Augustine's Works."

So, if we must have the Rolfe department, it is some compensation that *The Critic* will now and then let us have something germane to the dignity which that department lacks, even if written by one not a Professor of Shakespeare.

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EDITOR OF SHAKESPEARIANA—*Dear Sir:* The following was written after a conversation with the late Lawrence Barrett, wherein I related the experience it chronicles, and he urged me to print it, as a material contribution to Shakespearian lore. It was addressed to him and published in the *Overland Monthly* for July, 1886. Mr. Furness has since deemed it worthy of reproduction in his *Variorum* edition. If you insert it in SHAKESPEARIANA please mention its appearance in the *Overland*.

Yours respectfully,

JOHN T. DOYLE.

SHAKESPEARE'S LAW—THE CASE OF SHYLOCK.—*A Letter to Lawrence Barrett.*—Shakespeare's legal knowledge, or rather the accuracy of his expressions, whenever he alludes to legal subjects, has often been remarked, and is one of the arguments urged in support of the conjecture that the plays published under his name were really the work of Lord Bacon. The suggestion is that no man who had not received a legal education could have been so uniformly accurate in the use of

technical language, and in his casual references to legal principles, maxims of jurisprudence, and modes of procedure in court. Others account for this familiarity with the subject by supposing he spent a part of his youth as clerk in an attorney's office; while others again are of opinion that the amount of technical knowledge he displays was common in his day to most men who had received as much general education as he.

The trial scene in *The Merchant of Venice* has, however, always seemed inconsistent with his supposed legal learning, for the proceedings in it are such as never could have occurred in any court administering English law. Lord Campbell, in a letter to Payne Collyer, has attempted to gloss over the difficulty, but to all common lawyers the attempt is a failure. Save in the fact that the scene presents a plaintiff, a defendant, and a judge—characters essential to litigation under any system of procedure—there is no resemblance in the proceedings on the stage to anything that could possibly occur in an English court, or any court administering English law. No jury is impanelled to determine the facts, no witnesses called by either side; on the contrary, when the court opens, the Duke who presides is already fully informed of the facts, and has even communicated them, in writing, to Bellario, a learned doctor of Padua, and *invited him to come and render judgment in the case*. After his efforts to move Shylock to pity have proved vain, he says:

"Upon my power I may dismiss this court,  
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,  
Whom I have sent for to determine this,  
Come here to-day."

The extent of his power was to adjourn the court, unless the doctor, whom he had sent for to *determine the case*, arrived in season. Such an occurrence as this, we all know, could never take place in court proceeding according to English methods. It is, indeed, so repugnant to all our ideas of the administration of justice, that I remember being scandalized by it, even when, as a boy of fifteen or sixteen, I first read the play, and I imagine its incongruity strikes every reader at once. Later on in life I set it down as another instance of the failure of the cleverest men (not themselves lawyers) to introduce a lawsuit into fiction without violating the common rules of procedure. To make the situation dramatic, they invariably make it impossible. I concluded that the failure of others might be excused, when even Shakespeare missed it. Subsequent experience convinced me, however, that he did not miss it, after all. This is how it happened:

In 1851-52, I passed several months in the neighboring republic of Nicaragua. It was at that time, perhaps, the least known and least frequented of the Spanish-American States. Originally explored and colonized by an expedition from Panama, its communications with Europe and all the outer world were maintained, almost wholly, from the Pacific side of the continent; its commerce was insignificant, travel never reached it, and it had probably kept up the customs and practices in vogue under the Spanish rule with less variation than any of the colonies. The affairs of the company I represented having become considerably entangled by the transactions and omissions of a former agent, I found myself, ere long, involved in half a dozen lawsuits, the proceedings of which gave me a new light on the Shylock case. To

explain this, I will briefly relate what occurred in the first of them. The course of the others was similar.

Business having brought me to the city of Granada, I was one day accosted on the street by a dapper little man, carrying an ivory-headed cane, who, calling me by name, said: "*El alcalde le llama*"—"The alcalde sends for you." I thought the invitation rather wanting in courtesy, and so intimated that I was busy then, without saying whether I would wait on his Honor or not. The little man simply repeated his message and left. A person present, seeing that I showed no disposition to move, then informed me that the dapper little man with the cane was an *alguazil*, and that, by his verbal notice, I had been legally summoned to the alcalde's court, to which I was recommended to go without unnecessary delay. I accordingly repaired at once to the court-room in the *juzgado*, as directed.

Proceedings of some sort were going on at the moment, but the alcalde suspended them, received me very courteously, and directed some one present to go and call Don Dolores Bermudez, the plaintiff, into court. The substance of Mr. Bermudez's complaint against the company was then stated to me, and I was asked for my answer to it. I sent for my counsel, and the company's defence was stated orally. The contract out of which the controversy arose was produced, and perhaps a witness or two examined, and some oral discussion followed; those details I forget, for there was nothing in them that struck me as strange. There was, in fact, little, if any, dispute about the facts of the case, the real controversy being as to the company's liability and its extent. We were finally informed that on a given day we should be expected to attend again, when the judge would be prepared with his decision.

At the appointed time we attended accordingly, and the judge read a paper in which all the facts were stated, at the conclusion of which he announced to us that he proposed to submit the question of law involved to Don Buenaventura Selva, a practising lawyer of Granada, as a "jurisconsult," unless some competent objections were made to him. I learned, then, that I could challenge the proposed jurisconsult for consanguinity, affinity, or favor, just as we challenge a juror. I knew of no cause of challenge against him; my counsel said he was an unexceptionable person; and so he was chosen, and the case was referred to him. Some days after, he returned the papers to the alcalde with his opinion, which was in my favor, and the plaintiff's case was dismissed.

In the course of the same afternoon, or next day, I received an intimation that Don Buenaventura expected from me a *gratification*—the name in that country for what we call a gratuity—and I think the sum of two hundred dollars was named. This did not harmonize with my crude notions of the administration of justice, and I asked for explanations. They were given in the stereotyped form used to explain every other anomaly in that queer country, "*Costumbre del pais*." I thought it a custom more honored in the breach than in the observance, and declined to pay. I found out afterwards, however, that this was a mistake; that under their system of administration the judge merely ascertains the facts, and as to the law and its application to the case, reference is had to a jurisconsult, or doctor of the law; and that he, after pronouncing his decision, is entitled to accept from either party—in practice always from the successful one—a "*quiddam honora-*



rium," or *gratification*, his service to the court being gratuitous, just as that of an *amicus curiæ* is with us.

With this experience, I read the case of Shylock over again, and understood it better. It was plain the sort of procedure Shakespeare had in view, and attributed to the Venetian court, was exactly that of my recent experience. The trial scene in *The Merchant of Venice* opens on the day appointed for hearing judgment; the facts had been ascertained at a previous session, and Bellario had been selected, as the jurist, to determine the law applicable to them. The case had been submitted to him in writing, and the court was awaiting his decision. The defendant, when the case is called, answers, as is done daily in our own courts: "Ready, so please your Grace." Shylock, the plaintiff, is not present. In an English or any common-law court, his absence would have resulted in a nonsuit,\* but not so here; he is sent for, just as my adversary was, and comes. After an ineffectual attempt to move him to mercy, the Duke intimates an adjournment, unless Bellario comes, and it is then announced that a messenger from him is in attendance: his letter is read, and Portia is introduced. Bellario's letter excuses his non-attendance on a plea of illness, and proposes her, under the name of Balthasar, as a substitute. "I acquainted him with the cause in controversy, between the Jew and Antonio, the merchant; we turned o'er many books together; he is furnished with my opinion, which, bettered with his own learning, the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend, comes with him at my importunity to fill up your Grace's request in my stead. . . . I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation." The Duke, of course, had the right so far as concerned himself to accept the substitution of Balthasar for Bellario; but Shylock, I take it, would have had his right to challenge the substitute, and perhaps it is to avoid this, by disarming his suspicions, that all Portia's utterances in the case, until she has secured his express consent to her acting, are favorable to him. Thus,

"Of a strange nature is the suit you follow,  
Yet in such rule that the Venetian law  
Cannot impugn you as you do proceed;"

and again, after her splendid plea for mercy:

"I have spoken thus much,  
To mitigate the justice of thy plea,  
Which, if thou follow, this strict Court of Venice  
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant here."

Shylock would have been mad to object to a judge whose intimations were so clearly in his favor. He first pronounces her "A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!" This does not, however, amount to an express acceptance of her as a substitute; it is but an expression of high respect, consistent, however, with a refusal to consent to the proposed substitution. She carries the deception still further, pronounces the bond forfeit, and that

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\* "And the plaintiff being called, comes not, but makes default," is the exact form of the entry on the roll in a common-law judgment of nonsuit."



"Lawfully, by this the Jew may claim  
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off  
Nearest the merchant's heart,"

and again pleads for mercy.

The poor Jew, completely entrapped, then "*charges her by the law to proceed to judgment.*" Antonio does the same, and both parties having thus in open court accepted her as such, she is fairly installed as the *Judex substitutus* for Bellario, and almost immediately afterwards suggests the quibble over the drop of blood and the just one pound of flesh, on which Antonio escapes.

To complete the parallel to my Nicaragua experience above recounted, we find, after the trial is over, and the poor discomfited Jew has retired from the court, the Duke says to the defendant, whose life has been saved by Portia's subtlety,

"Antonio, *gratify* this gentleman,  
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him."

That is, give him a *gratification*, or *honorarium*; and Bassanio offers her the three thousand ducats which were the condition of the bond.

One difficulty yet remained in the case, which the above explanation did not touch, and which to me was still a stumbling-block, viz.: In the play the action is promoted by Shylock to enforce against Antonio the penalty of his bond; it concludes with a judgment against the plaintiff that his estate be forfeited, one-half to the commonwealth, the other to the defendant, and that his life lie at the mercy of the Duke! Justice, perhaps, but excessively raw justice, such as we would think could only be meted out in the court of the Turkish *cadi*, who fines the plaintiff, imprisons the defendant, and bastinadoes the witnesses. Yet a few years since I met with a case in a Mexican court, involving just as marked a departure from all our notions of the proper course of justice as this. A question arose in this city as to the disposition of the estate of a gentleman who died at Mazatlan, where he had been slain in an encounter with his partner, while discussing in anger the state of their accounts. There had been a trial over the case in Mexico. The surviving partner put forward claims before our court, which caused me, on behalf of next of kin of the deceased, to send to Mexico for a complete transcript of the judgment record there. I have it now in my office, all duly certified, and a curious document it is. It begins with an official inquiry by the *alcalde* as to the cause of death; something like our coroner's inquest. After the preliminary inquiry, the surviving partner is called upon to answer a charge of homicide; then follow the depositions of witnesses, relating among other circumstances the finding of a revolver under the body of the deceased when he was raised from the floor after the fatal encounter. The survivor's version of the occurrence was that the deceased had drawn a pistol on him, which went off in the struggle for its possession, and killed its owner. The *alcalde* conducted the trial with pretty evident partiality to the survivor, whom, at the conclusion of it, he acquitted. A sister of the deceased, by her attorney, then petitioned to be allowed to intervene and appeal from the judgment. Decided that her relationship is not sufficiently proved, and her petition is denied. Then the Fiscal, on behalf of the State, intervenes, and appeals to the Supreme Court. There the witnesses are re-exam-

ined, and on a suggestion of collusion between two of them, on whose testimony the defendant relied, are examined separately. They contradict each other badly, and break down. Then a suggestion appears to have been made that the pistol found under the deceased's body was not his own, but another's. His had an ivory handle, this a wooden one, etc. The *alcalde* is summoned to produce the pistol, which as a *pièce de conviction* had remained in his possession. He answers that after the conclusion of the trial before him, thinking there was no further use for it, he had sold it for \$2 to a man who was going to Chihuahua, and who had not since been seen. The judgment below is then reversed, the defendant sentenced to death, and *the alcalde before whom the trial had been had below is sentenced to a fine of \$100 for his partiality and misconduct!*

After reading this record, it occurred to me that in a court proceeding according to such methods as these, a judgment against the plaintiff of forfeiture of life and goods might be supposed, even in an action on a bond, without grossly violating probability; and it seems to me that Shakespeare was acquainted (however he acquired the knowledge) with the modes of procedure in tribunals administering the law of Spain, as well as with those of his own country; if like practice did not obtain in Venice, or if he knew nothing of Venetian law, there was no great improbability in assuming it to resemble that of Spain, considering that both were inherited from a common source, and that the Spanish monarchs had so long exercised dominion in Italy.

JOHN T. DOYLE.

THE CRITICAL EDITIONS.—At the request of a valued correspondent we reprint from our issue of December, 1889, p. 484, the "LIST OF EDITIONS OF SHAKESPEARE FOR CRITICAL STUDENTS" (originally contained in a review of the Bankside Shakespeare in *The Christian Union* of October 3 in the same year), adding those which have been published since. When an edition like the Henry Irving is both popular and critical it seems best, on the score of fulness, to include it. And indeed it may be stated that most of the editions now printed "for the trade" assume to be more or less "critical" in character, much more pains being given to the purity of the text than formerly, the change within the last ten years being very noticeable in this respect. [And by the way, our correspondent asks us for the meaning of the expression: White's text, or Collier's text, or anybody's else's text. There is briefly no arbitrary meaning to these expressions at all. No one editor has a monopoly of a pure text of the Plays and Poems. The very few words or passages, two or three dozen at most, which are open to disagreement or dispute have been all referred to the typography or to archaic usages, as to which it often happens that there is more than one plausible explanation or reasonable margin of record. What we mean by "White's text" or "Knight's text" is that Mr. White or Mr. Knight selected the reading which, after comparison of authorities or probabilities, seemed to him most probably what Shakespeare wrote. According to our confidence in the judgment of the particular editor, therefore, we value a "text."]

EDITIONS, 1591-1892.

1. The Quartos, London, 1591-1640.
2. First Folio, T. Heminges and H. Condell (Ben Jonson?), London, 1623.

3. Second Folio, Ben Jonson? or John Milton? London, 1632.
4. Third Folio, Sir William D'Avenant \* or John Dryden? London, 1663-1664.
5. Fourth Folio, Sir William D'Avenant or John Dryden?† London, 1685.
6. Nicholas Rowe, 1st ed., London, 1709.
7. Nicholas Rowe, 2d ed., London, 1714.
8. Alexander Pope, 1st ed., London, 1723.
9. Alexander Pope, 2d ed., London, 1728.
10. Lewis Theobald, 1st ed., London, 1733.
11. Lewis Theobald, 2d ed., London, 1740.
12. James Hanmer, 1st ed., London, 1744.
13. William Warburton, London, 1747.
14. Samuel Johnson, London, 1765.
15. Edward Capell, London, 1766.
16. Samuel Johnson and George Steevens, 1st ed., London, 1773.
17. S. Johnson and George Steevens, 2d ed., London, 1778.
18. George Steevens, London, 1783.
19. S. Johnson and George Steevens, 3d ed., London, 1785.
20. Rann, London, 1786-1794.
21. Edmond Malone, London, 1790.
22. Reed and G. Steevens (4th), 1st Variorum, London, 1803.
23. Reed and G. Steevens, 2d Variorum, London, 1813.
24. Boswell's Malone (*The Variorum*), London, 1821.
25. William Harness, London, 1825.
26. S. W. Singer, 1st ed., London, 1826.
27. Charles Knight, London, 1841.
28. J. P. Collier, 1st ed., London, 1842-1844.
29. G. C. Verplanck, 1st American ed., New York, 1847.
30. J. O. Halliwell (Phillipps), Folio, London, 1856.
31. S. W. Singer, 2d ed., London, 1856.
32. Alexander Dyce, 1st ed., London, 1857.
33. J. P. Collier, 2d ed., London, 1858.
34. Charles Staunton, London, 1858.
35. R. Grant White, 1st ed., Boston, 1859-65.
36. Glover and W. A. Wright—"Cambridge"—Cambridge, 1863.
37. Clark and W. A. Wright—"Globe"—Cambridge, 1864.
38. Keightly, London, 1864.
39. C. Cowden-Clarke, London, 1864.
40. A. P. Paton, *The Hamnet*, London, 1865.
41. Alexander Dyce, 2d ed., London, 1866.
42. Clark and Wright—Clarendon—London, 1869.
43. Longmans, John Hunter, London, 1870.
44. H. H. Furness, *New Variorum*, Philadelphia, 1871.
45. Alexander Dyce, 3d ed., London, 1875.
46. *The Rugby*, S. S. Phillpotts, London, 1876.
47. J. P. Collier, 3d ed., London, 1877.
48. *The Delius* (Leopold), London, 1877.
49. H. N. Hudson, *The Harvard*, Boston, 1879-81.
50. W. J. Rolfe, *The Friendly*, Boston, 1883.

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\* Mr. Morgan's conjecture, see *Bankside Int.* to vol. XIV.

† *Id.*

51. R. Grant White, *The Riverside*, New York, 1883.
52. Appleton Morgan, *The Bankside*, New York, 1885.
53. C. H. Marshall, *The Henry Irving*, London, 1885.
54. K. Deighton, *Macmillans Deighton*, London, 1886.
55. W. Aldis Wright, *The Cambridge*, Macmillans, London, 1890.

EDITOR SHAKESPEARIANA: I am obliged to you for a copy of *Baconiana* for October, 1892, in which you direct my attention to the following:

"*A Query for Mr. Appleton Morgan*.—New York, July, 1892. *Editor of Baconiana*: In SHAKESPEARIANA Mr. Morgan says that he does not wish to be considered a Baconian authority, and that, while he believes that all the facts stated in his *The Shakespearian Myth* are correct, he will not disbelieve in Shakespeare because he has found an explanation of those facts which (I presume) permits him to still believe in Shakespeare.

"Mr. Morgan's *Shakespearian Myth* appeared in 1880. There was a second edition in 1885; in 1888 a third edition appeared, in which there is an entirely new page—page 128. This is devoted to a Dr. Heylin, who, in 1657, wrote out a list of literary people in London and made some general remarks about English literature. The insertion of this page in 1888 (Mr. Morgan was elected president of the New York Shakespeare Society in 1885) shows that three years after he had 'renounced' Baconianism he was still investigating the subject. Now I wish *Baconiana* would ask Mr. Morgan, with the explanation he has found, to come forward and kindly explain away that page 128, with his 'better reasons' for the facts in his *Myth* which (according to him when he quoted them) could only be explained in one possible way. But I would like to ask Mr. Morgan to explain the fact that, in 1637, a man who knows all about Gower, Lydgate, Chaucer, Sidney, Spenser, Daniel, Drayton and Ben Jonson (who was a friend of his, by-the-way), never even heard of Shakespeare. Remember that, in 1632 (five years before), the Second Folio of Shakespeare had been printed; that some of the single plays—*Othello*, *Richard III.* and others—were still being separately published; that the poems appeared every year or two, and that in that very year *Romeo and Juliet* was brought out in a Fifth Quarto. All in London, where Heylin, an M.D. or D.D., lived and died. Let us pin Mr. Morgan down to explain away Dr. Heylin, the writer of books, the friend of Ben Jonson, who never heard of Shakespeare.—Yours very respectfully, THOMAS F. JORDAN."

Life is short, but I have no objection to being "pinned down" to anything I may have said in this discussion. Briefly and succinctly, then:

I. I am not "a Baconian authority," because I do not believe that Bacon wrote Shakespeare. I disbelieve that proposition, if you please, for the same reason that the Baconians give for disbelieving that Shakespeare wrote Shakespeare, viz.: because it cannot be proved, is not susceptible of proof. I should not be unwilling to concede the authorship of the sonnets to Bacon. Many of them remind me of his elephantine style, and I have never been satisfied in my own mind that

they were rightly assigned to Shakespeare (and I am willing to say the same of the Poems). But I should as soon imagine Bacon writing the Plays as imagine Jonathan Edwards writing Wycherley's comedies.

II. That Dr. Heylin or anybody else did not mention Shakespeare is a piece of negative evidence, which it is unusually easy to "explain away." The writer in *Baconiana* himself suggests one reason, viz.: that Heylin had never heard of Shakespeare. Other reasons might have been: that Heylin was a Puritan (though I don't know the fact), and so studiously omitted to mention him; or, he might have been so zealous a friend of Jonson's that he shared in Jonson's jealousy of the greater dramatist; or, the omission may have been inadvertent or accidental, or a typographical error, or a dozen other conjectures might be easily forthcoming. I can point out omissions in Mr. Leslie Stephens' Encyclopædia of Biography—huge as it is—of many names of persons who are at present cutting quite a figure in English literary circles, and all of us have had our sins of omission and have suffered from them.

I am glad to admit, however, that the page referring to Heylin was inserted in the third edition of the *Myth*, because, as Mr. Jordan says, I "was still investigating the subject" in 1888 (I am investigating it to-day). The Heylin allusion was put into the *Myth* because that book endeavors to be (as the Germans say it is) "*objective*:" that is, that it endeavors to be cumulative—is as cumulative as I was able to make it—of both sides of the Bacon-Shakespeare brief, leaving a decision to any one interested enough in the matter to read the book. And if I ever print another edition (than which nothing is further from my present intention) I could, doubtless, add still more reasons as plentiful as blackberries on both sides. One of the reasons why the discussion is still going on as vigorously as ever is because new considerations on both sides are constantly being suggested.

I am, dear sir, faithfully yours,

APPLETON MORGAN.